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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June 1, 1858, and is now in its hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

THE WAR WORK DRIVE

Newport has made good progress in its United War Work Drive this week and will apparently go over the top before the closing hours of the campaign. The city of Woonsocket and the city of Newport were assigned equal apportionments in the drive and a friendly rivalry has been carried on between the two cities. Each city is striving to go over the top first, to raise the largest amount, and to have the largest number of subscribers. Thus far Newport has maintained the lead, but Woonsocket has made a hard fight and has not yet given up.

The many solicitors who have been working in Newport under the direction of the general committee have found the people generally ready and willing to give as far as their abilities will permit. Considerable misunderstanding has arisen and some disapproval has been expressed over the manner of apportioning subscriptions among the individuals. Each person who has been expected to contribute has had a definite amount set opposite his name, and some of the solicitors have understood their instructions to be that they should obtain this amount or report to the committee. Others have taken this figure as a mere suggestion of the amount to be obtained. Nevertheless, the people have recognized the necessity of the cause and have given liberally, although in many cases the amounts fell below the figures assigned.

The volunteer solicitors have found their work hard, the cards generally being well scattered throughout the city instead of being bunched in neighborhood allotments. Each evening the various teams have reported at the general meeting at the Lafayette Theatre, where the returns were checked up, and general announcements made amid much enthusiasm.

SUPERIOR COURT

The Superior Court did no business on Monday, when peace was being celebrated, but has found considerable business since then. On Tuesday a large part of the time was devoted to naturalizing a large number of soldiers and sailors, who renounced allegiance to many different foreign potentates.

On Wednesday a jury, of which Daniel J. McGowan of Newport was the foreman, heard the civil case of Anton Audrey vs. Manuel Cabral, a Tiverton case, to recover damages for an alleged assault. After quite a long trial a verdict was returned for plaintiff for \$110.

Judgments have been entered in several other cases, but there have been no other long jury trials.

The Newport Social Club, composed of members of Aquidneck Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, with Worthy Matron Mrs. Esther A. Gifford at the head, gave another of their enjoyable dances in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, with a large attendance. The Newport Banjo Band furnished the music.

DAY OF JUBILATION

The announcement of the signing of the armistice between the Germans and the Allied Nations came to Newport long before daylight Monday morning, but in spite of the unseemly hour many hundreds of persons dressed and took part in an impromptu celebration on Washington Square. Mayor Burdick had arranged with the fire department that numerous short blows on the alarm should be sounded, regardless of the hour that the announcement should reach Newport. It was a little before 4.00 o'clock that the signal was sounded on the fire alarm, and then hundreds of people scrambled into their clothes and beat it for the center of the city. In almost no time a large throng had assembled on Washington Square and a wild time followed. The Municipal Band was on the job, playing patriotic and popular airs, and the men, women and children, joined in marching about the Square. Soon Mayor Burdick was appealed to for permission to light a bonfire and the sailors and others scattered and secured material for a big one. In order to prevent danger to nearby property, a detachment of the fire department was on hand and watched out for sparks so that no damage was done.

A parade was started down Thames street, and practically all the people on the Square of all ages joined in behind the band, giving the serpentine march, and shouting at the tops of their voices, while various noise-making instruments were called into use. Returning to the Square Mayor Burdick gave a short address and called the celebration at an end for the time. Many people were not satisfied, however, and insisted on continuing the noise without bothering to go home for breakfast. Throughout the forenoon there were impromptu parades all over the city, and every imaginable device for making a noise was brought out.

Little business was done in Newport throughout the day. Many of the larger stores decided not to open at all, and most of those that did open closed at noon, even including many of the drug stores that almost never close. Superintendent Lull had the no-school signal sounded on the fire alarm at 8.00 o'clock so that the pupils and teachers were free for the day.

The civilian employees of the Torpedo Station went over for work on the usual boats, but instead of settling down quietly at their benches, they paraded through the shops and over the Island with noise-making devices of all kinds. After they had been up to this for some time, the bosses decided that no work could be done that day, and advised the men to return to the city, which they did without much urging. Arriving here they paraded through Thames street, making as much noise as possible and throughout the day helped to carry on the celebration. At the Old Colony shops, too, it was found practically impossible to do any work, so the men were given the day off.

Flags and bunting were everywhere displayed and the city had a very gala appearance. Every trolley car coming into town was packed to the limit, and the people on the Island flocked in here by every vehicle that could be pressed into service. Every automobile seen on the streets was gaily decorated, and the large business trucks were filled with youngsters and older people and driven back and forth through the center of the city.

Many of the naval officers and men of this Second Naval District are eagerly anticipating orders for sea duty in the near future. It is felt that there will be necessity for many officers and men in foreign waters for some time. The personnel here has been anxious for sea duty all through the war, but the department has felt that many of them were too valuable here to be detached.

Although the local draft board had made arrangements to entrain a number of men for Fort Slocum Tuesday morning, in accordance with the orders from Washington for November draft details, orders were received by telegraph in time to stop the men and they have been mustered out of the service.

Private Joseph V. Silvia of Middletown is on the death list of the United States Forces in France. He was severely wounded in action and died in the hospital about a month ago. He was well known in Middletown, where his parents now live.

Mr. Robert Carr of this city, son of Dr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Carr, stood No. 1 in the class that recently took the competitive examinations for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and has received the appointment as principal.

THE WAR WORK PARADE

On Monday afternoon the big parade that had been arranged to awaken interest in the United War Work Campaign took on an added interest because of the Victory feature of the day. It was a big affair, made up of many striking and unusual features, but it was by no means the largest and most imposing ever seen here. In spite of the large number of civilians participating there were still thousands of people left to stand on the sidewalk and watch the parades. As usual the spectators were quiet and there was comparatively little applause, although at some places along the route different sections were warmly welcomed. There were many visitors in the city and these were particularly impressed with the magnificent spectacle presented by our army and navy forces.

Colonel Frank P. King was the Chief Marshal and as usual started the parade exactly on the hour set. The route was covered at a good pace, although a long one, and the large number of women in line maintained the step without apparently suffering much fatigue. The Yeowomen in particular made a fine appearance, marching as briskly at the finish as at the start.

A regiment of artillery from the forts had the right of the line, and were followed by the Naval division, with a battalion of marines at the head. These men made a splendid appearance and were heavily applauded everywhere. Various branches of the Navy were represented, some detachments marching with arms and some without, but all made a fine appearance.

The Newport Artillery with the Municipal Band followed the Navy, turning out with full ranks, under command of Major William Knowe. The Rogers High School Cadets with their drum corps made a fine military appearance.

The Civic Section included the Four-Minute men, representatives of the Fire Department, Army & Navy Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Workers, Weenat Shasit Tribe of Red Men, employees of various Government contractors, Greek citizens and others.

The Women's section attracted much attention, especially the relatives and sweethearts of the men in the service. The various platoons carried banners indicating their relationship, and many of them received hearty applause along the route.

The rear of the line was made up of a miscellaneous assemblage, including trucks, automobiles and various kinds of vehicles. Some of these were out solely for a good time and to celebrate the victory and were equipped with various noise-making instruments to display their patriotism. Long after the line was dismissed there were various impromptu parades, and the festivities continued well into the night.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The board of aldermen had a considerable amount of important business at the weekly meeting on Thursday evening. Aldermen Martin and Hanley made a report on the gas investigation, showing the tests that had been made by an expert of the gas street lights which are maintained under contract by the American Street Lighting Company. The tests showed an average of a trifle over 30 candle power per light, while the contract calls for 50 candle power. This the committee called a clear breach of the contract. The report was quite a long one, and very complete, and the board voted that a copy thereof be sent to the representative of the contractors who has appeared in Newport in regard to the matter.

A communication was also received from the Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island, stating that a report on the water question would be made in a few days, there having been a delay because of the shortage of clerical assistance.

The board also voted to call a meeting of the representative council for November 25th, at which time the council will fix the salaries of the Mayor and Aldermen, and transact other business preparatory to the beginning of a new municipal year.

A large amount of routine business was also transacted.

Newport's subscription, according to the committee reports turned in Thursday night, amounted to \$46,232.33 as compared with \$40,724.01 for Woonsocket. Considerable more speed will be required to insure the raising of the quota in either place.

Port restrictions having been removed, the Fall River Line has resumed its regular service. Boats now leave Newport daily at 9.30 p. m.

WAR CHANGES IN NEWPORT

With the signing of the armistice and the near approach of final peace, activities in Newport will be considerably changed. Although conditions have not yet reached a stage where radical changes can be instituted, most of the men on duty here are looking forward eagerly to the time when they can return to their regular occupations. Many of the Naval Reservists in particular are expecting to be mustered out in the near future, although no one can say authoritatively that this will be done. It is regarded as probable that the Material Section will be the first to be reduced, but even if this is so, the men now attached there may be assigned to other duty. The men at the Training Station will still be required and those who pass through this Station for duty in the Navy will be needed for the many new vessels that are constantly coming along. Some of them may be transferred to the Merchant Marine, which is rapidly growing, and which will be urgently needed, both to transport supplies across the ocean and to assist in bringing back the men now abroad.

Some changes have already been made in the civilian organizations here. Overtime work at the Torpedo Station has been suspended, and the men there and their wages reduced by this amount. As many of them have pledged themselves to the limit on the Liberty Loan issues they find it quite a hardship. The three-shift system at the Station has not yet been changed, and there is no indication as to when it is likely to be.

In Jamestown work on the Government Housing proposition has been stopped, but the similar enterprise in Newport has progressed so far that it will doubtless be completed. If the Torpedo Station here is maintained at large capacity, as it probably will be, there will still be need of adequate housing for the employees. Even before the United States entered the war, it was difficult to secure skilled workers at the Station because of the lack of housing accommodations here.

As the Coddington Point development was planned as a permanent improvement rather than as a war emergency work it is probable that that will be carried on. Some progress is being made there, but there is still an immense amount of work to be done before the contractor will have the end of his work in sight. Great difficulty has been experienced in securing sufficient men for this project, but after war conditions relax a little and new construction in other places is suspended, it may be easier to obtain men for Newport.

One important change that has already been made is in removing the restrictions on navigation hereabout. For some months all vessels have been required to pass in and out of Narragansett Bay at certain specified hours, because of the steel nets across the entrance. These restrictions have now been removed and the Fall River Line steamers have resumed their regular sailing hours after several months of earlier schedules.

ELIJAH ANTHONY

Mr. Elijah Anthony, who died at his home in Jamestown on Wednesday, was a brother of Sheriff James Anthony of Middletown, and was well known throughout this section of the State. He was in his eighty-fourth year and had been in failing health for a long time.

Although a native of Middletown, he had lived in Jamestown for nearly sixty years, being engaged in farming. He took an active interest in the affairs of his town and state, and had held many local offices of trust and honor, as well as having represented his town in the General Assembly. He had held considerable financial interests in former Newport institutions, having been a director of the old New England Commercial Bank, and of the Arctic Ice Company. He is survived by five sons and one daughter.

Although the time for filing nomination papers for the city election will expire in a few days, there is as yet comparatively little activity. All the present members of the board of aldermen will be candidates for re-election, and in the Fourth ward, where there is a vacancy caused by the death of John E. Leddy, there is likely to be a contest. As yet no papers have been taken out in opposition to Jeremiah P. Mahoney, who announced his candidacy for mayor some weeks ago.

Judge Darius Baker has returned to his home on Cranston avenue after several months' confinement at the Newport Hospital, where he submitted to a serious operation early last August.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The monthly meeting of the School Committee was held on Monday evening, when considerable business was transacted. Chairman Congdon explained that he and Mr. Clarke had authorized Superintendent Lull to sound the no-school signal on the fire alarm on account of the victory celebration in the city.

Superintendent Lull presented his monthly report treating of the routine happenings in the schools during the month. He called attention to the small attendance in the evening schools, which may be due to the extra labor requirements, or to indifference.

Tenant Officer Topham's report showed that 201 cases had been investigated during the month, which included 16 cases of truancy.

Mr. Leland, the new supervisor of recreation, addressed the board for the purpose of interesting the members in a proposed new class for the Rogers High School to teach the older boys the rudiments of tree work. He spoke in high terms of the work that had been done by the school children during the caterpillar crusade, and said that arrangements had been made to procure a high-power pump, which might be used by the older boys. He suggested that the boys have instruction in tree work, and they would be able to earn money while continuing their school duties. Mr. DuFais, representing the Newport Improvement Association, endorsed Mr. Leland's proposition and an informal discussion followed. No action was taken, the matter being referred to a sub-committee for consideration.

Temporary arrangements were made to fill the place of Principal Robinson, who had been ordered into camp, but the next day Mr. Robinson sent word that he would resume his duties as the Government did not require his services.

Col. Cozzens presented the monthly report of the Finance committee and also announced that he had appeared before the committee of 25 to present the estimate for the year. Considerable routine business was disposed of.

THE WATER SITUATION

The board of aldermen held a session with other interested persons on Tuesday evening in regard to the serious condition of the water supply. Captain Campbell was present and listened to the discussion with much interest, as he was about to start for Washington to discuss with the Secretary of the Navy the local situation as far as regards the Coddington Point expansion of the Naval Training Station. There are to be three training stations to be continued and developed after the termination of the war, and whether Newport is or is not to be one of these will depend to some extent upon the likelihood of obtaining an adequate water supply.

The matter was thrashed out in all its phases, the Water Company being represented by Messrs. Kent and Buckhout. They explained that the question of development of the water supply must be determined somewhat by the answer to the question as to whether or not Newport's recent growth would be permanent. They explained the length of time and the cost that is involved to develop a new source of supply on the Island, which must be considered from the business point of view.

It developed in the discussion that the proceedings before the Public Utilities Commission had retarded development work to some extent, and the delay of several years in obtaining a decision from the Commission was the cause of much comment. It was finally decided to send a telegram to Governor Beekman, asking him to obtain an immediate decision.

The sessions of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction will be omitted this year because of the inroads into the school year that were made by the closing of the schools throughout the State because of the influenza epidemic.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate met at the town hall on Monday. As this was the first meeting since the annual election the various members took the oath of office before proceeding to business. The Council now stands thus: President, William T. II. Sewle, William Bone, James F. Sherman, B. Earl Anthony and William B. Anthony. All were present except Mr. Bone.

The first and final account of Walter B. Chase, administrator of the estate of William A. Chase, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Mary Rose Alvenas,

widow of Joe Rose, so-called, praying that Domingo Gravia Purataire of Bristol, R. I., be appointed administrator of the estate of deceased, was allowed; bond \$4000.

The petition of Antone Denig Silveira to be appointed administrator of the estate of his brother, Louis Denig Silveira, was allowed; bond \$2000, with Augustus L. Wilbur as surety.

The petition of Annie J. Albino for letters testamentary on the estate of her husband, William S. Albino, was continued to December 9th.

Junk licenses were granted to Samuel S. Burdick and Phily Pokrass, fee \$5 each.

The protest of Sarah J. Eddy against paying tax without a voice in the affairs of the town was read and ordered filed.

Bills for damages done by dogs to heifers belonging to Elmer Sisson and Rose Brothers of Middletown, amounting to \$33.50, were ordered paid.

The bond of the town clerk and the bond of the town sergeant were received.

Voted, that the town treasurer file a bond in the sum of \$15,000.

Voted, that the bill of William A. Smith of Providence Island, for work done on driftways, unauthorized by C. A. Aldrich, committee, be laid on the table.

Mrs. Letitia Freeborn appeared again in relation to the water flowing down Power street and upon her land, and James F. Sherman, William B. Anthony and Luther P. Chase were appointed a committee to view the premises and report at the next meeting.

Voted, that the clerk notify the Postal Telegraph Company to re-locate a brace on one of their poles opposite the premises of Antone de Costa.

The following officers were appointed:

Town Auditors—Frank C. Cory, Fred Coggeshall, Robert H. Manchester.

Overseer of Poor and Commissioner of Town Farm—William T. H. Sowle.

Auctioneers—John T. Gardner, Isaac Chase, Harry R. Paquin.

Committee on Prudence Island chairman of the School Committee.

Fence Viewers—John R. Coggeshall, John R. Manchester, Frank C. Cory.

Scales of Weights and Measures—Edward Ruggles.

Appraisers of Dog Damages—William W. Anthony, Rowland S. Chase, Eugene Chase, Jr., of Prudence Island.

Dog Constable—William W. Anthony.

Town Constables—Michael J. Murphy, Charles E. Harvey.

Police Constables—Walter P. Dyer, Henry C. Anthony, Jr., Walter E. Brinkman, Robert A. Rice.

For Prudence Island—Charles A. Aldrich, George H. Thompson.

Special Constables—George A. Brown, David B. Anthony, Benjamin F. C. Boyd, John C. Walker, Truman C. Main.

Special Constables to Enforce Liquor Law—Frederick W. Holman, Edward Ruggles.

Special Constable to Act under Town Ordinance—Luther P. Chase.

Special Constable with Power to Serve Civil Process—Walter P. Dyer.

Bird Constables—Albert Lawrence, Isaac Chase, Walter P. Dyer.

Tramp Constables—Charles Wilcox, John R. Manchester, William H. Bone, Frank Greene.

Health Officer and Special Constable to Act with Health Officer—Dr. Barton W. Storrs.

Pound Keeper—George R. Hicks.

Surveyors of Timber and Cordons of Wood—Henry C. Anthony, Henry F. Anthony, Isaac Chase.

Inspectors of Ash and Fish Measures—Henry F. Anthony, William G. Wheeler.

Weighers of Neat Cattle Slaughtered in Town—Henry F. Anthony, Robert Purcell, Charles Gifford.

Inspectors of Beef and Pork under Chapter 157, Section 27 of the General Laws—Walter A. Sowle.

Weighers of Coal and other Merchandise—John A. Elliott, Henry F. Anthony, Charles Gifford, Robert Purcell.

Commissioner of Wrecks—William T. Tallman.

Forest Warden—Frank Paquin.

It was suggested and discussed that the town make the several highway districts into one common district, but no definite disposition of the matter was decided upon. The election of the road surveyors was postponed to December 9th.

The will of Mary Ann Boyd was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary were granted to Peter J. Boyd, bond of \$200.

At Newtown School on Monday evening Mr. Fred P. Webber, a teacher at Rogers High School, Newport, and Mr. Moore of Newport, were present to speak and arouse interest in a Victory Boys' campaign for the War Work Drive. The speakers were introduced by Mr. Henry F. Anthony, chairman of the School Committee. There was a good attendance at the meeting.

On Monday evening Mr. Henry C. Anthony's automobile truck loaded with cans of milk and a Newport jitney collided on Turnpike Road. Neither driver was hurt, but the cars were badly damaged and large quantities of milk were spilled.

Portsmouth Grange has arranged a series of dances to be given at Oakland Hall on Friday evenings and the first one was well attended. These dances proved very popular last winter and without doubt they will continue in favor and draw large crowds.

Rev. George W. Manning of the Middletown Methodist Episcopal Church preached at the Christian Church on Sunday morning. As plans are being made for a new furnace to be installed in St. Paul's Church there was no service there on Sunday, but the congregation attended services at St. Mary's Church, where Rev. Robert Bachmann, Jr., conducted the services and administered Holy Communion.

Brief Account of My Life

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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Before I tell of my first real adventure I will give a brief resume of my life.

I was born in the eighties, closer to the bottom than the top. When I first opened my eyes I breathed the air of the "Rockies." To be exact, I was born in Ogden, Utah, on the 11th of December, 1883. My roving started at the early age of four. This was in Cheyenne, Wyo. I used to play on the front porch. My mother must have suspected that I was of a roving nature, because she took the precaution to put a gate across the steps of the porch with some kind of new-fangled lock on it, which I was unable to negotiate. I used to work for half an



Arthur Guy Empey.

hour at a time trying to get the gate open, but without success; in fact, this got to be a habit with me until my father applied the "slipper" several times.

From Cheyenne my family went to Richmond, Va. At this place I went to school and was brought up on McGuffey's Reader. This gave me a great idea of an Englishman. All I could see was a big grenadier in a red coat chopping Americans into mince meat.

From Virginia we migrated to Canada. Two years later we left for New York.

In New York I went through public school, and twice just escaped being expelled. From public school I went to manual training high school. The most notable thing I did there was to make left half back on the football team. My great hero was Richard Henry Dana, who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." I devoured this book several times and then decided to run away and make the same trip, and did so.

After a little less than a year's absence I again returned to New York. Once again I was the hero, minus the "slipper." After being worshipped for about two weeks I joined the Forty-seventh regiment of Brooklyn, and soon became sergeant. The militia, in my eyes, seemed tame, so I ran away and enlisted in the navy. In two months I became a third-class yeoman, having passed the yeoman course in the Brooklyn navy yard. Then I went to sea on the "Franklin" battleship Mississippi. We nicknamed her the "Miserery." I was lucky enough to be on her when she rammed the Illinois and nearly foundered her in Guantanamo bay, Cuba. After going into drydock for two weeks at Newport News, Va., we left for the target range off Pensacola, in the Gulf of Mexico.

On April 13, 1904, while on target practice, we had an explosion in the after turret, which killed 34 men. I barely escaped with my life; in fact, I was smashed up a little and was sent to the naval hospital at Portsmouth, Va.

My folks concluded that they had had about enough of my foolishness, and got me out of the navy. I was highly incensed at this action, so enlisted in the Twelfth United States cavalry and inside of a year was promoted to the rank of squadron sergeant major.

I happened to be fairly good at rough riding, or "monkey drill," and was sent with the Second squadron to the Jamestown exposition to give exhibitions in rough riding.

After three years I was discharged from the Twelfth cavalry, and came home, but soon enlisted in the Eleventh United States cavalry and did duty on the Mexican border during the first trouble in 1911. I was discharged at San Antonio, Tex., returned to New York, and went into business for myself. This was a distinct failure. I could not settle down, so I applied for a position with a well-known detective agency, and after polishing my heels in the anteroom for several weeks,

now and then being given a "shadow case," finally had the luck to go before the "chief," and with four other men was sent down south on a "moonshine" case. I got in with a family of "moonshiners" and liked them very well; in fact, I thought so much of them that when the time came to show them up it sort of went against the grain, and I couldn't do it. It seemed like stealing candy from a baby. Of course this severed my connection with the detective agency, and I shed no tears.

I then applied for a position with the New York Telephone company. While with them I joined the mounted scouts of the Fourth regiment of New Jersey, and went through three maneuver camps.

Upon the expiration of my term of service, which was three years, I joined the mounted scouts of the Seventy-first regiment, New York.

Then the war broke out and I was all eagerness to get into the fight. I had been playing at soldiering, and here I was in the United States while a real war was going on across the water. What was I to do? I did not like being neutral a little bit, so just by luck I happened to get in with an agent of the French government. At this time France was buying thousands of horses in the United States and shipping them to France for the French army. Here was my chance at last. My detective experience stood me in good stead, and after a lot of maneuvering I finally landed a job to go over on a horse ship and try and find out why so many horses were dying on the passage over.

Shortly after my return from this trip the Lusitania was sunk, and, like all Americans, I was pretty sore, and waited for the United States to get busy. As we all know, nothing happened.

I knew it was up to me to get over "on my own." I applied to the British consul, "camouflaging" as a Canadian, but it did not work. They would not send me to Canada. I decided to pay my own way.

One day I met an officer of the Canadian army and he told me that if I did reach Canada I would have to stay in a training camp for at least six or seven months before being sent over. This did not suit me in the least. I was no rookie; in my opinion I was a trained soldier.

I then decided to take matters into my own hands and go to England, and slipped on the American line.

I arrived in London about ten-forty one night. The next morning before eleven o'clock I was a private in his majesty's imperial army, a soldier of the king. Then I realized that I was at last up against the real thing and all of my pugnacity oozed out through my pores. When you get out of civilian clothes into uniform and close up to the fight you do not want to fight as much as you did before, and I felt very nervous. This nervousness never left me during my stay on the western front.

Over a year later I was so badly wounded that I was discharged as "physically unfit for further war service" and came back to the old U. S. A.

Shanghaied at Seventeen

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

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In New York Public School No. 78 I had three chums, "Bill" Meek, "Jim" Fleming, and "Charlie" Unger.

Bill was full of wild ideas and schemes. He had the "get-rich-quick" mania. About every two weeks he would call us aside and in a mysterious and important manner carefully unfold some daring scheme to get rich quick, giving his personal guarantee that it could not fail. At first we were very enthusiastic over his scheme and wanted to go in "with both feet," and would carefully work out the details of how to proceed, when, bang! Bill would introduce another project absolutely different from the preceding one. When we asked him what became of his wonderful proposition of two weeks ago, he unblushingly told us that unforeseen circumstances which no one could prevent had interfered. Then he would unroll another wild dream of fortune. And so it went on; one scheme after another vanishing in smoke, until we became very skeptical. Personally, I had no faith in any of Bill's day dreams, but I admired, and perhaps envied, his spirit of adventure; so at last I decided that I would take a chance, success or no success.

One night Bill came around to the house with four tickets for a blood and thunder war play entitled "Cuba's Vow." His brother was playing the villain. This play greatly impressed me; in fact, from the first act to the last the footlights were flushing blood, love and adventure—and rotten acting. Bill's brother was awful.

Bill was a pretty good judge of human nature. He had taken us to this play to get us worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm, and thus getting us in the proper frame of mind, he could unroll his latest scheme.

That night, after the show, he proposed a trip to South America, which took our breaths away. We were to run away and ship on a tramp steamer, for a passage of about nine

months. With the money thus earned we were to equip ourselves and start out for Port Limon, Costa Rica, and go into the coffee plantation business. We all fell for this and took a solemn vow to stick. The scheme especially appealed to me because here was my chance to follow Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast." The next day, after sleeping it over, Charlie and Jim decided that there was more money in New York, and refused to go. I admit I had a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach when I viewed the proposition in the sunlight, but I stuck. Then Bill and I made a tour of the docks in New York, trying to find the ship we wanted. We fell in with several "boarding masters." These men infest the water fronts of large cities and are nothing but bloodsuckers preying on sailors. One of these parasites took us on board an old tramp steamer, lying in Erie basin, called the Cushman. Here we met the steward, a "lime juicer," John Royal-Minnis, with the emphasis on the hyphen. The wonderful tale of ease, luxury and "getting paid for seeing the world" stuff that the steward and the boarding master unrolled before our eager eyes carried us into the seventh heaven of expectation. This was five o'clock in the afternoon. The ship was to sail at three-ten the following morning, but they did not tell us this. The steward said that we were just the two that he wanted; there being vacancies on the ship for second steward and second cook. He suggested that we sleep on the ship that night, and then in the morning, after seeing what it was like, we could go home and decide whether we wanted to ship or not. I demurred at this, because I had to go home first, so he gave Bill and me permission to go, but said we had to get back at midnight. We hurried home and on the sly I packed my grip with my belongings.

That night I exploded a bombshell in the family. After dessert had been served, puffed up with importance, I declared: "Well, I'm going to South America." A barrage of laughter ripped around the table. This got me sore, and I shut up like a clam.

It was February, and very cold. About seven o'clock that night a great storm came up and the streets were soon covered with sleety ice. I turned into bed with my clothes on. Bill was to notify me at ten o'clock by throwing pebbles against the window pane in my room. Every time I looked out into the street and saw that howling blizzard, a picture of a ship wallowing in a trough of the sea constantly came before my mind and I shivered, and my enthusiasm dropped to zero. I could not take my eyes away from the clock. It was an agony of intense waiting, similar to that when, later in the trenches, I kept looking at my wrist watch waiting for four o'clock in the morning when we were to go "over the top" in a charge. Oh, how I wished that Bill would change his mind!

About five minutes to ten, crack! crack! came a couple of pebbles against the window pane, sounding like the crack of bullets on the western front. With my shoes in one hand and my grip in the other, I sat up, tiptoed downstairs, put on my shoes and heavy overcoat, and opened the front door. I was greeted by a rush of wind, snow and sleet. Bill looked like a snowman.

We plowed through the blizzard, got on a trolley car, and reached Erie basin at a quarter to 12, went up the gangplank and reported to the steward.

The ship looked like an ice palace. You could hear the creaking of winches and the straining of cables, and could see dark forms sliding and cursing on the slippery decks under the glow of the cargo lights.

The steward greeted us very cordially and I thought him the finest man I had ever met. Bill was shipped as second steward, and I got the billet of second cook.

My "glory hole" was aft on the main deck, while Bill slept amidships. I piloted into the little two-by-four bunk and was soon fast asleep. I had a horrible dream; a giant had me by the heels and was swinging me around his head, trying to dash my brains out against the side of the ship. I awoke in terror. The "glory hole" seemed to be looping the loop, and I could hear heavy thuds as immense waves broke against the side of the ship, the water hissing and rushing around the port hole. Reaching for the electric button I turned on the switch. An awful mess met my eyes. The deck of my room was awash. The grip and all my belongings, which I had unpacked before turning in, were swishing and swashing on the deck, now in this corner, now in that. The ship was rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. I held on to the sides of my bunk in terror. A wave would swash against my door and water would pour in through the cracks. I felt deathly sick and I thought I was going to die. I was experiencing my first touch of seasickness.

About six bells in the morning (three o'clock) the door opened, and there standing in the opening was a huge Swede, encased in oilskins. The icy blast sent a cold shiver through me. I wondered what he wanted, but did not wonder long.

"You bane get tea and toast on bridge for mate, damn quick," I was bewildered. The door slammed and once again I was alone. Fifteen minutes must have passed when the door opened again and in rushed the toughest-looking seaman I have ever seen. He had only one eye. Later on I found that he was out first mate, "One-eyed Gibson," a "Blue-Noser" from Nova Scotia, and a man whom it was not safe to trifle with. Without a word he stepped into the glory hole, grabbed my shoulder in a grip of steel, and yanked me out of my bunk into the icy water which was awash on the deck. This was my first introduction to him.

"Get out o' that, you landlubber. There's no fire in the galley, and I



"Get Out o' That, You Landlubber!"

want my tea on the bridge, and I want it now, or I'll put out your dead lights."

I meekly answered, "Yes, sir," and started to put on my wet socks. Seeing this action, he shouted, "Never mind that damned rigging. Get into the galley and get that fire alight."

My feet were blue with the cold and my teeth were chattering. I timidly asked, "Where are we, sir?" With a look of contempt he answered, "We're outside o' Sandy Hook, bound south for the Horn, and she's blowing big guns." Then he left.

I stepped out of my glory hole onto the deck. We were dipping our scuppers, and huge seas were breaking over the weather side. One minute the after deck would appear like a steep hill in front of me, and a horrible churning sound would come from the racing propeller. Then the deck would slant away from me and a loud chug! and a shiver through the ship as the propeller sank again into the water.

Bemuddled and wet from the icy spray, I managed to steer a course to the companionway, and dragged myself to the upper deck. A sailor was in the galley and had started a fire. The ship was rolling, pitching and lurching. In that gully it sounded like a bombardment. Pots and pans were rattling in their racks; a few of them had fallen out, and were clanging each other around the deck.

Cold and miserable, I crouched in the corner, keeping myself from falling by holding on to the rail in front of the stove.

The sailor took compassion on me, and made the toast and tea. How he did it was a marvel to me, but later on I became very expert myself.

Following the "life lines" on the upper deck, I at last managed to reach the bridge with my pot of tea and two slices of toasted bread. There were two men at the wheel. In the darkness I went up to them and asked for the mate. They did not answer. Just then I received a resounding smack on the back which made my teeth rattle, and that dreaded, gruff voice of the mate reached my ears through the wind: "Damn you, you hell's spawn, keep away from the men at the wheel or I'll throw you over the side."

I mumbled my apologies, and followed the mate into the chart house. He greedily drank the tea, and in about four bites disposed of the pieces of toast. The toast was soaked in salt water and I inwardly wished that it would poison him; in fact I prayed that the ship would sink with all on board. Such is seasickness.

I managed, somehow or other, to make my way back to the galley, and I met my "superior officer" for the trip, the "cookie." He was about five feet nothing in height; a shriveled-up Welshman about forty-five years old. He reminded me of a mummy in the Museum of Natural History in Central park. If he had ever smiled I am sure that his face would have cracked. It seemed frozen into one perpetual scowl. He gave one look at me and let out a howl.

"Blawst my denlights, an' this 'ere (pointing to me) is what I'm to work with on this blawstin' passage. I'm lucky, I am, not 'arf, I ain't." He looked like some gorilla. The rolling of the ship affected him not in the least. He seemed to sway and bend with every movement of the ship.

The next two or three days were a horrible nightmare to me. How I lived through them I do not know. I had a deadly fear of the cook. As long as he toiled out that I could not get a hot water without burning it he

started in to make my life a misery. He had a habit of carrying a huge butcher knife in his belt. Between meals he would sit down on a bench and constantly feel the edge, at the



There Was a Reason for His Carrying This Knife.

same time telling me what an expert he was at carrying. Later on I found that there was a reason for his carrying this knife. He and the crew were at dagger points, he never daring to go forward except in case of necessity, and then he was careful always to carry his butcher knife. Down in my heart I realized that if the occasion should arise he would not be backward in demonstrating his art of carving on his opponent. That Welshman was no better cook than I was, and the crew soon became aware of this fact; hence their hostility.

The Cushman was a "lime juicer," sailing under the English flag. The skipper was a "lime juicer," the first mate a "blue noser," the first engineer a Scotsman, while the crew was composed of Spaniards, Italians, Square-heads, Finns, Swedes and Russians. The bos'n was Irish, and a firm believer in Home Rule. A worse gang of cutthroats could hardly be conceived; a nice, polite bunch they were. Believe me, Bill and I had our troubles. Bill and I were the only two Americans on board. The engineer's messman was a Prussian, Kurt Tatzner by name. I nicknamed him "Fritz." He was only twenty years old, but was clumsy, strong as an ox and about six feet tall.

After weathering the gale we at last came into the Gulf stream, and off the coast of Florida it was warm and pleasant.

I found that my duties were to peel spuds, wash pots and pans and be a regular "fetch and carry" for the cook. My office hours were from six bells in the morning (three o'clock) until four bells at night (ten o'clock). I was greasy and filthy at all times, having nothing but salt water to wash in, and this would not cut the grease. Bill had it much easier than I. I had murder in my heart and vowed to "jump ship" at the first port we put into.

After nine or ten days we came alongside at Castles, St. Lucia, British West Indies, to coal ship. At this port the men believed in woman suffrage. Long lines of half-naked black women, with huge baskets of coal on their heads, passed up the forward gang plank, dumped their load of coal into the open bunkers, and left the ship by the after gangway. Before leaving the ship the fourth engineer gave each one a little brass cake, which later on she would turn in to the coaling company for an English penny. While the women were working the men would sit around the dock smoking cigarettes.

The natives at St. Lucia had a great appetite for salt pork. I soon got wise to this fact and traded about a half a barrel of pork for limes, guava jelly, bay rum and alligator pears. If the steward or cook had caught me I would never be writing this story. The women threw the pork into their dirty cloth baskets, and upon reaching the dock gave it to their husbands or sweethearts, who would immediately, without washing it, devour it. They spoke in a jibbering patois which I could not understand. Some of them could speak pretty good English. The kids, averaging from seven to fifteen years, were running around naked, or diving off the dock for pennies which we threw overboard.

About two hours before sailing from St. Lucia, a little fellow about fifteen years of age came to the entrance of the galley and in fair English told Bill and me a pathetic story of inhuman treatment which would have melted hearts of stone. He wanted us to stow him away on the ship. I was agreeable, but Bill warned me that this was a very grave offense against the English board of trade laws, the maximum penalty being fourteen years' imprisonment. I did not wish to incur this risk, therefore would not listen to the entreaties of the young negro, explaining to him the penalty of the board of trade laws. Upon hearing this, a cunning look, which at the time did not appear significant to me, came into his eyes, and he told me that if I would stow him away, "see how easy it will be for you." He would do all of my work, and all I would have to do would be to sit on the superstructure and let my feet hang. I thought this was worth risking fourteen years for, so fell in with the plan, Bill objecting.

The ventilators had been unshipped while the coaling was going on, and were lying aft on the poop deck.

Watching our chance, we sneaked aft and hid the little fellow in one of the ventilators, warning him, upon pain of death, not to make a sound until the ship was well under way. To say that I was nervous is putting it mildly.

We cleared St. Lucia and were soon at sea. The islands of Martinique, St. Lucia and Barbados were tiny gray dots on the horizon when an Italian sailor, Louis Maranto, went aft to ship the ventilators. In a few minutes he came rushing forward with terror in his eyes. As he passed the galley I stopped him and asked what was the matter. All he could gasp out was "Marry of God, a devil ees on da ship." "One-eyed Gibson," seeing his terror, went aft with him and soon we could see him coming forward, leading our little stowaway by the ear. The little negro was howling blue murder, and the curses of the mate snapped like a wireless message. Luckily for me the mate stopped at the galley and said, "Keep your eye on this black skunk until I can take him before the 'old man.'" For five minutes I put all my power of entreaty into my voice and prayed the stowaway to stick by me; to swear that he came aboard of his own volition. He promised to do so. Then the mate came after him and took him before the captain. During this fifteen minutes of interview I lived in an agony of torment and suspense. The little fellow came back with a smile on his face and knew things were all right. He told me that the captain had shipped him at a shilling a month for the passage. For two days he was detailed to help me in the galley, and I lived the life of a prince. We nicknamed him "Monday," the day that he came on board. His real name was Charles Taslima Benn.

On the fourth day, Monday, after peeling a basket of spuds, while I was reading and smoking, threw down his knife and, with a cunning leer, in a commanding tone told me to get busy and complete the task; that he wished to rest. I started in to "bull-doze" him, but he simply held his hand in my direction, fingers extended, and in a majestic voice informed me: "From now on, work for the American I will not. I tell Meester Captain American Monday slowed away. Meester American to prison go fourteen years British government." I nearly fainted. From that time Bill and I were Monday's abject slaves. We even waited on him personally. Any article in my possession that Monday desired was his for the asking. The steward wormed the secret out of Monday, and I was also his slave. Bill and I spent a life of hell on board.

After getting into the tropics lime juice was issued daily to the crew to keep away scurvy. The food was horrible. The pork was rotten; in fact, on the head of one of the salt pork casks was stamped "Inspected 1883." The crew were on the verge of mutiny.

Then we reached the eastern entrance of the Straits and it was blustery and cold. The captain attempted to negotiate the Straits one bright moonlight night. After about three hours the moon disappeared and we went on the rocks, knocking a big hole in the side of the ship, and only quick and efficient work by the carpenter and crew saved us from sinking. They dropped a huge sail over the side, covering the hole. The boats were put over the side and we expected the ship every minute to founder. Next day we were towed into Punta Arenas, and after two weeks the ship was again made seaworthy.

At Talcahuana we shipped 28 Spaniards, or "houmbres," as we called them, to work the cargo. This doubled my work, and I prayed that I would die. It was nothing but misery to me. I must have peeled eleven million barrels of spuds; in fact, I never turned in before six bells at night, and had to turn out at six bells in the morning.

After touching at 13 ports on the west coast, discharging our cargo, we left for a little island called Lobos, where we were to take on a cargo of guano. While working this cargo it was misery for everyone on board; the strong ammonia from the guano made our eyes red and watery, and we could only breathe by wrapping big handkerchiefs around our noses and mouths. The wind was constantly blowing, and guano was even in our food.

Then, coming back, we touched at Valparaiso, Chile. To me death seemed easier than the homeward-bound voyage, so one night Bill and I slid down the anchor chain and swam to a "bum-bout" lying near us. We gave the Chileño \$4 to row us ashore. He did so. Dripping wet we crawled up onto the stone quay and made tracks for the town. We found that the dock was enclosed by a tall iron fence. At the gate were two customs officers, who immediately put us under arrest. Bill and I had \$20 in gold between us, and, as is usual in South America, it was a simple matter to bribe the customs officials to let us through. This cost us half of our fortune, but we did not care. Freedom was worth all of it. We were well into the town and feeling secure when we were held up by a Chilean gendarme, who looked like a walking arsenal. This cost us \$2 more for our freedom. He left us in a hurry and went around the block. We had walked about five minutes when, bang! another gendarme. This cost us \$4. After leaving him we were more cautious, hiding our remaining money in my shoe. Again we were arrested. We said we had no money and were hailed into the presence of the "comandante of police." He had one hundred and seventy-eight medals on his chest and four thousand yards of gold braid on his collar and cuffs. He had us searched, but did not find the money. Very much disappointed, in broken English he informed us that our ship was to sail at four o'clock the next morning, and that if he found us in Valparaiso we would be sent to the mines.

Shivering and trembling we wended our way back to the dock and hunted around for a boatman. Bribing him with our remaining money he at last brought us alongside, just before the gangplank was lifted. The black smoke was pouring from the single funnel of the Cushman. Then we went before the captain, and he "logged" us ten pounds (\$50) each.

On our homeward-bound passage we went around the Horn and ran into a gale. The bos'n mutilated. Old "One-eyed Gibson" came behind him and laid him low with a marlinpike. Then, carrying him amidships, he chained him to the iron steps leading to the bridge. He remained this way for a day and a half, exposed to cold and icy wind. Strict orders were passed through the ship that no one was to approach him. That night, under cover of darkness, Bill and I sneaked him a steaming pot of stew, and some hot coffee. If he had lived, we would, through this one action, have gained a true friend for life. From exposure he contracted pneumonia and died. He was buried at sea. The carpenter sewed him in a sack, and tying an old iron wheel to his feet, placed him on a plank, and while the captain read a rough burial service the plank was tilted, and the body of the bos'n went down to rest in Davy Jones' locker.

The first port we touched at, the consul's flag was hoisted at the fore-mast, and a heavy-eyed, half-drunken little old man came on board and was closeted with the captain for about an hour. When he came out he was staggering, and his eyes, if possible, were more bleary. The captain lined the crew up, and the consul, in a thick and stuttering voice, asked the crew if the bos'n had died from natural causes. Ninety per cent of the men could not understand what he said, and a silence prevailed. At sea silence means consent. I buttoned in and said "No." I was standing next

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GERMANY MUST PAY ALL DEBTS

Popular Rule Will Lead to No
Leniency on the Part of
the Allies
WE MAY ADJUST MATTERS

Allied Guards May be Placed at All
Strategic Points in German
Empire to Preserve
Order

Washington—Dispatches received by the Washington government, most of them by wireless from Nauen, Germany, by authority of the new Socialist masters of the German empire, tell the story of the great events that have taken place, treating them as forerunners of even more important happenings near at hand.

One dispatch received by the general staff of the army from The Hague, repeats a press report that the Kaiser arrived at Maastricht, Holland, and proceeded to Middelheim castle in the town of Dorestad, near Utrecht.

The course of the new government in Berlin in sending broadcast by radio telegraphy accounts of the stupendous happenings in Germany leads to the suspicion here that it is planning for sympathy, seeking to make it appear that as the German people are now in control of the government, and have cast out the Kaiser and his kind, they should be treated with greater leniency in the armistice conditions.

The suggestion was heard here that the events now occurring within the limits of the German empire might bring about such political chaos as to leave no responsible government capable of guaranteeing the observance of the armistice terms.

The request for the armistice was made by the Kaiser's government. The emissaries of Germany who laid this request before Gen. Foch in person and received a statement of the conditions under which the German government could obtain a cessation of hostilities were selected by the Kaiser and his advisers. These conditions were carried back to the German general staff at Spa, and it is supposed they were received by telegraph in Berlin and were under consideration by Regent Max and his new Socialist associates. But the imperial general staff has probably been repudiated, and it is not likely that its advances to the new government, whatever they may be, will have any great weight.

It was Prince Max, however, who as chancellor made the request for the armistice. Philipp Scheidemann, Socialist member of the old ministry and now a great power in the revolution, undoubtedly sanctioned the request. The Socialists generally are for peace and are credited with having had a great influence in determining the conciliatory course that Prince Max has followed as chancellor. With Prince Max as regent, a Socialist occupying the post of chancellor, and those responsible for the revolution earnestly hoping for peace—peace at any price—there is every reason to believe that the disposition of the new government will be to accept the armistice terms, no matter how drastic.

It is even probable that the new government will plead for a modification of the conditions. But the demand of the German people for an ending of the war is so strong that the outlook seems to favor an immediate acceptance of the armistice terms if the allies decline to make them less drastic. And there is every reason to suppose that the allied governments will tolerate no change. All statements sent out by wireless by the new government at Berlin are evidently intended to convince the allied world that responsible authority is being maintained in Germany. Nothing has been received here to cast doubt on this claim. The allied governments, it is believed, will be just as willing, even more willing, to deal with a democratic government of Germany than with an autocratic government, provided that the democratic government is able to maintain order and live up to the obligations imposed upon it by the terms of the armistice and the subsequent pledges set forth in the treaty of peace to be negotiated.

In dealing between governments personalities are not usually taken into account. The recognized authority of a country is held responsible for the fulfillment of the obligations imposed upon or entered into by those who may have controlled that government at any prior time.

The fact that a repudiated Kaiser was at the head of the German government during the great war does not relieve from those who have deposed him the responsibility of paying the cost of the Kaiser's great adventure. The new Socialist chiefs at Berlin compose the German government just as much as it was previously in control of the Kaiser and the chancellor and are equally responsible for seeing that Germany pays the price that she must pay for her effort to conquer the world.

In a manifesto issued by Ebert, the new chancellor, which the state department has obtained through the Nauen radio station, he expresses the fear that anarchy may result if food supplies are not protected.

Gray Copper.

The work of a Swiss investigator suggests that absolutely pure copper may have a light-gray color like that of most other metals, since it is found that copper which has been ten times distilled in vacuo has only a pale rose color, while the yellow color of gold becomes much lighter under similar treatment.

CHATEAU THIERRY RISING FROM "CITY OF ASHES"

Refugees Returning to the Little
Left by Heartless Hun—Already
Small Storekeepers are Operating
at Full Blast—Germans Chased
Out Too Fast to Take Their Loot
With Them—Where Marines
Wrote Themselves into Fame

Paris.—"Chateau-Thierry," repeated a routine officer and smiled at me playfully. "Yes, that was interesting a month ago. A Boche potted me there and I'm just going back to join my men. But you won't find it interesting now. All the Germans are gone."

But he was wrong. There are Germans marching through the streets of Chateau-Thierry every day—German prisoners armed with shovels and picks who are clearing out the wreckage and desolation they left in their path when they evacuated the city on July 22; proud Prussians who are welding scythes to harvest the crops in the fields that they called "Unser Land" a month ago; mild-faced boys from the south of Germany who seem to prefer jobs as chore-women with mops and scrub brushes to carrying guns for the Kaiser.

And as for the interest of Chateau-Thierry, the curious have visited this field of Napoleon's Waterloo for several centuries. They will visit the Waterloo of the Boche march on Paris in 1918 for several more centuries and thrill with every century at the story of the battle on the outskirts of that city where American marines, artillery and infantrymen started the Huns on their run for Berlin—and gave them such a good start that the goal is getting hotter each day.

War Activity Everywhere.

It takes just an hour and a half by rail from Paris to reach the outposts of the battlefields of yesterday; an hour and a half that runs by like the first reels of a cinema with hurried glimpses of passing trains loaded with horses, with cattle, with big guns and men; of camions crowded with soldiers wearing dust-colored uniforms; of hospital trains marked with red crosses and groups of civilians hurrying back to see what is left of their homes in the reconquered districts. At one of the stations the marine officer swung off to join a knot of men whose backs were loaded with marching equipment, showing that they were going "up the line." War was written in large letters over every human activity, but off to my right was the Marne, sleepy and peaceful, flowing quietly through valley fields, hiding behind gentle slopes covered with wheat and splashed with vivid poppies, and emerging again from a clump of thick trees and heavy underbrush.

At La Ferté there is a great gash in the station where a Boche plane, swooping down within a few hundred yards of the mark, dropped a half dozen bombs just a few nights ago. And from there an auto road, pockmarked by shell holes, runs through fertile country and pink-roofed villages, lifeless and deserted, to Lucy-le-Bocage and Belleau woods, where the American marines showed the world just what fighting stuff the United States army is made of.

"Lucy" keeps open house for all comers. There are a few doors left in the village, but they sag heavily on rusted hinges. Windows are open spaces through which the winds and rains drive at will, leaving facetious puddles about the little heaps of broken glass that strew the ground. The few roofs left look apologetic in the midst of the ruin about them.

The village huddles about a little church that has been pitilessly battered to ruin. Only bits of the walls are left but in the midst of the wreckage rises a tall crucifix unscratched. The altar of the small chapel on the right side had been cleared off and the old abbe, tolling alone, was searching among the debris for precious relics. A prayer book and a few pathetic little ornaments of glass were all that he had found to restore in his temple.

Guarded by the Dead.

From Lucy-le-Bocage to Belleau wood the road literally is guarded by the dead, whose bodies were covered where they fell and marked by simple wooden crosses on many of which the soldier's trench helmet has been hung. It was the way of the cross for the American boys who journeyed it those July days when they started forward in the face of murderous machine gun fire to smoke the Boches out of the stronghold that assured their footing in Chateau-Thierry.

I climbed over graves and shell holes, through underbrush and past isolated bits of barbed wire entanglements into the heart of the woods, where the Boches had their dugouts. And at every step of the way, difficult to traverse even now when it has been trampled over and cleared out since the battle, I wondered at the courage of the boys who had faced hidden machine guns and unknown horrors lurking in the shadows. A human jawbone lay at the doorway of a hunting lodge which had been desperately contested for and from the underbrush near by protruded the boots of an unburied Hun.

A group of dugouts off to the right was well concealed by rocks and underbrush and I peered down into several of them. The openings were just big enough to permit a man to wriggle through on his stomach and inside was a little straw and perhaps a battered helmet or rotting gas mask. A good hole for a dog. If the dog wasn't particular—but the conducting officer with me assured me that a dugout of that size was used to accommodate five men during a bombardment or barrage. When the barrage was lifted the men would come out and go to work again with their machine guns.

We saw lots of dugouts, however, from which the Germans never emerged. The opening had been filled up with earth from exploding shells and the sanitary troops that came through after the battle were spared the trouble of burying those men. Many of the shell holes had a sickly greenish hue, the mark of gas which poisons even the earth, and around others were mounds of empty cartridges showing they had been used as semiprotection for machine gunners.

Wrote Themselves into Fame. When the Germans entered Chateau-Thierry in June, they reached the apex of a triangle, the other ends of which were at Soissons and Reims. They held the city for 52 days and were so strongly entrenched that the French and American troops who retook the city did it by outflanking movements instead of a direct drive which would have cost many times as many lives.

The marines of the American divisions which turned the scale of the fighting, wrote themselves into fame by taking Belleau woods. The other troops of the divisions, eager for a similar chance of distinguished service, were "allowed" to take Vaux, directly to the west of Chateau-Thierry, which became the pivot point for the scissors that squeezed the Huns from the city. American artillery battered the village to bits and then the infantrymen, armed with maps which had been drawn by an old stone mason of the village, marched in and cornered the Germans who had taken refuge in the cellars.

The mason knew just where the cellars of the village were located because he had built them, so that the "cleanup" after the artillery preparation was quickly done. And the little town is now rebuilding with equal rapidity. It lies on the main road from La Fere to Chateau-Thierry so the people are drifting back, and as we passed through I saw carpenters and plasterers at work making houses habitable. A group of red-frezzed Moroccan soldiers were clearing out a courtyard, and further down the road were Italians repairing shell holes.

Another turn and we were in the city itself, crossing the substitute for the famous stone bridge over the Marne that the French were ten years in the building, but which the Americans blew up in ten minutes to hinder the German advance last June. We climbed on up to a hilltop from which we overlooked the river and the city.

Malignant Destruction.

The towering cathedral steeple had offered a gunner's mark which had not been overlooked. The spire of the Hotel de Ville also had been shot and the weathercock hung at half-mast. In the square about the city hall the houses had been shelled to ruin. A radiator stood out in midair from one of them. On the second story wall of another hung a large portrait of a girl. Bombs and shells had torn their way through roofs and afterward when I walked through the city streets I realized that the work of destruction had been completed by malicious hands. Furniture had been smashed and thrown into yards and streets, pictures had been ripped from frames, and even kitchen utensils had been thrown out to rust.

A large part of the loot of the city was recovered when the Germans were hurriedly forced out, and a nurse in an American Red Cross hospital which followed the allied troops into Chateau-Thierry told me of seeing great sacks filled with gold and silver cups, candlesticks, tableware and ornaments of every description which had been stored there in the hospital and left in the retreat. The hospital, originally for French civilians, has changed hands five times and was in such a state of unspeakable filth when the Americans took it over from the Boches that it took ten days to clean it out.

Up back of the hospital are the grounds of the ancient chateau for which the city was named. They once belonged to the duke of Thierry, who was one of the famous seigneurs of the early eighth century. I climbed through subterranean passages there which were built by his vassals that he might escape to the other side of the Marne whenever his enemies pressed him too closely, but which recently have been used by Boches as protection during air raids from French planes. The openings are partially filled up now so that they no longer afford passage under the river, but they offer adequate protection against bombs. There are deep built wine cellars with thousands of bottles which the Germans carried up there and emptied. And there are old stone mortars that the inhabitants claim date back to the battle of Crecy, with empty cartridges from Boche guns lying beside them.

A city of desolation is Chateau-Thierry, but a city whose wounds already are beginning to heal. It escaped total destruction because since the German troops were on one side of the river and the allied troops on the other the artillery on both sides was prevented from direct operation; and so civilians are coming back. The newspaper proprietor of the place, having found that only one side of his house had been torn off, is inhabiting the other side and preparing to turn out news for those who are returning. Every scrap of cloth and linen in his house was carried off and much of the furniture destroyed, but he found the silver which he buried in his back yard before he fled with his wife, and his wife has found a job cooking for American military police who are stationed there.

A millinery shop has opened up and there is another little store of "notions" where perfumes and nail polish are on sale. Fruit stands and cheese shops, butcher stores and postcard vendors are operating at full blast on street corners or in drafty rooms that open on the streets, guileless of protection of glass or even windows or doors in many cases. The more habitable houses have been cleaned out and are being used as headquarters for the military officials.

BAKER VISITS WOUNDED



During his recent visit to the battlefields of France Secretary of War Baker inspected the American troops on the firing line and made an exhaustive study of conditions existing in hospitals and relief centers in the rear. The picture shows Mr. Baker chatting with a wounded Yankee during a visit to a hospital.

VETERANS' GRANDSONSON GO TO FRANCE TOGETHER

La Grange, Ga.—On September 23, 1893, Jack Thornton and W. A. Callaway, eighteen, set forth to join the Confederate army. September 23, 1918, Jack Thornton Kontz, grandson of Jack Thornton and W. A. Callaway, Jr., grandson of W. A. Callaway, left together for the world war. Friends of the "18 boys" feel sure they will be in the parade down "Unter den Linden."

HONORS FOR WAR HEROINES

Services of British Women Being Recognized by Award of Many Foreign Orders.

London.—The war services of British women are being recognized by the award of many foreign orders and decorations. A recent issue of the London Gazette recorded that King George has granted permission to Miss Henriette Fraser to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre conferred upon her by the president of the French republic; to Miss Muriel Thompson to wear the cross of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold II, conferred upon her by the king of the Belgians, and to Miss Francis Latham to wear the insignia of the fifth class of the Order of St. Sava, conferred upon her by the king of Serbia.

YANK SLANG PUZZLES BOBBIE

Light Finally Breaks Through and He Directs Soldier to Barber Shop.

London.—"Which is the nearest suds artist?" an American soldier asked a policeman at Waterloo station. The bobbie stared. "I mean a scrape merchant." And still he stared. "He wants a place where they'll pass a cutter across his dial," explained a man with a barrow. Having assimilated the English interpretation of the doughboy's "United States" the bobbie directed him to the nearest barber shop.

Prison Pathos.

If you never heard a prisoner say, "I want to go home," there are infinite depths of pathos to which you are a total stranger. — Leavenworth New Era.

"Let Go," Once In A While.

Half the joy of life is in "letting go" every once in a while, and, if you let go twice every once in a while, it seems that you have just that much more fun.

Cuticura Heals Burning Itching

Skin Trouble On Face. Blistches
Badly Disfigured. Came
Out as Pimples.

Found No Relief Until Used
Cuticura. Used One Cake Soap
and One Box Ointment.

"For several years I had been troubled with blackheads on my face, and on the top of my nose, and also big blotches which badly disfigured my features, besides the suffering from burning and itching. Some of the blackheads used to come out as pimples and after a few days would be blotches with white heads. Others came in hard bumps and were very red. "I found no relief until I used Cuticura. I used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment when I was healed." (Signed) John Sullivan, 137 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass., October 25, 1917. For every purpose of the toilet Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. R., Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

Increasing Power of Unity

Let us all pull together with a strong hand until the tremendous task that we have before us has been completed. There is much for every one to do. Many who cannot serve on the battle field can conserve and save.

Your account is invited.

4 per cent interest Paid on Participation Accounts

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Deposits made on or before November 15th, draw interest from November 1st.

Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds

Ready for delivery to our customers who have paid in full.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

November==Turkey Month

That naturally leads us to the subject of ranges, and if you'll just follow where we will lead we will land you with the best cooking machine that comes out of a stove foundry.

Crawford Ranges have come to be a by-word with careful housewives today. So easy to regulate, so sure of performance, so economizing. There is a reason—simple as A B C. Two minutes for us to explain, two seconds for you to conclude, two days for our men to deliver. Three twos, that will win you more happiness than any other triplets you ever held. Hold em once.

TITUS'

LOWEST PRICED FURNITURE STORE IN TOWN

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

No. 1565

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the state of Rhode Island, at the close of business on August 31, 1918.

RESOURCES		
Loans and Discounts	unsecured	\$171,450.00
Overdrafts, secured		100,000.00
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation		10,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness		95,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, unpledged		212,285.33
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned		4,950.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (10 per cent. of subscription)		23,075.00
Value of banking house		2,000.00
Real estate owned other than banking house		52,374.88
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		183,923.04
Cash in vault and out amounts due from national banks		14,842.77
Exchanges for Clearing House		185,817.81
Checks on other banks		5,000.00
Total		\$1,155,112.22
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		
Total		\$1,155,112.22
LIABILITIES		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		65,000.00
Undivided Profits		10,851.65
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid		1,650.00
Charging notes outstanding		25,901.04
Net amounts due to National Banks		95,200.00
Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies		7,812.80
Total		124,055.28
Individual deposits subject to check		734,000.51
Certificates of deposit		24,381.30
Outstanding checks		1,181.31
Dividends unpaid		61.00
Total of demand deposits		765,145.10
Total		\$1,155,112.22

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport, ss:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above state ment is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of September, 1918.

PAULER BRAMAN, Notary public.

Correct Attest:
WILLIAM R. HARVEY,
WM. H. LANGLEY,
FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL, } Directors

CAUSE AND CURE OF CRAMPS

Too High Blood Pressure Frequently Brings Them On—Removed by Vigorous Rubbing.

In this article we shall discuss only the local muscular spasms that affect most commonly the calves of the legs, but that sometimes occur in the thighs, the arms or the wall of the abdomen. Internal cramps, or colic, swimmer's cramp and writer's cramp are affections of an entirely different nature.

A cramp, in this restricted sense, is a sudden, painful and very strong contraction of a small part of a muscle; it does not usually cause any movement in the affected limb, for to do that a contraction of nearly the entire muscle is necessary, and then we have what is called a spasm, or a convulsion.

The contraction is involuntary, although persons who are subject to cramps sometimes bring them on by a voluntary movement, such as stretching. The early-morning cramp is often brought on by the stretching to which one is prone on awaking. Very commonly the cramp comes on during sleep, and the intense pain awakens the sufferer with a start. The affected part of the muscle forms a hard knot, and if a large part of the muscle is involved the limb may be drawn up.

Children and the aged suffer more often with cramps than do persons in middle life. In children the cause is usually violent exercise, such as running and jumping, but in the elderly a tendency to cramps is often caused by incipient hardening of the arteries. When the blood pressure is high, cramps often occur, but they cease to trouble if the pressure is reduced. Persons who are rheumatic and gouty are especially liable to be attacked by cramps—very likely because hardening of the arteries accompanies their constitutional disposition.

The treatment of a single cramp of the calf is very simple: stand on tip-toe in such a way as to stretch the calf muscle and at the same time rub the place where the contraction has occurred. That will put an end to the attack promptly. If the attacks recur frequently, there is probably some constitutional fault that needs correction, and the sufferer should consult his physician.—Youth's Companion.

FISH-SKIN SHOES COMING?

Quite Possible, Though It Must Be Admitted They Are Not Altogether Desirable Footwear.

When things come to the worst every day is going to be like Friday—the atmosphere will be crowded with the aroma of fish. There is a scarcity of leather, as everybody knows, and, that being so, tanners are making a diligent search for other substitutes, and new sources of supply. Experts declare that the skins of aquatic creatures offer a practically undeveloped resource, and it is not unlikely that before long we shall be covering our extremities with the skins of the man-eating shark and the sacred codfish. The reason such skins have not heretofore been utilized for leather is not because they are not perfectly well adapted for such use, but only because the skins of land animals have been so plentiful. Disciples of Isaac Walton dispute the experts about the curing of fishskins. They say once a fish always a fish. If it comes to pass that we adopt fish-skin shoes these fishermen offer some advice to the callow youth who goes courting. "Leave your fish-skin shoes on the front porch, like the Hollanders and Japs, and court in your stocking feet. Otherwise there will be a chilly reception awaiting you." Being married, they are talking by the book.

Jungle Can Furnish Food.

While the new food campaign was being talked about at Seattle, Randolph L. Summerfield of Singapore, who has lived forty years in the Malay States, arrived on a government mission. He is a civil engineer. "The world's live-stock market has been decimated," said Mr. Summerfield, "but if worst comes to worst and there's a real meat famine, the jungles of the Malay States can supply vast quantities of meats and fats. Our forests are full of monkeys of all kinds. Our streams teem with crocodiles. The huge anaconda snake is numerous and prolific. Monkey meat, cooked French or Spanish style, billed on the menu as veal, would make an epicure yearn for more. There's no disagreeable sentiment about killing a crocodile or the boa constrictor. Portions of the 'croco's' tail are extraordinarily good, and the boa constrictor is a culinary favorite in India. Fried in butter, or certain oils, the boa constrictor is considered a delicacy."—Argonaut.

Proof Positive.

"Are you sure this chicken is tender?" asked the customer in the market.

"Yes, I think it is, sir," replied the marketman.

"And do you know that it is fresh killed?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Why are you so positive?"

"Because I caught it in my war garden only yesterday."

Too Much to Ask.

"Would you advise a boy to study the classics?"

"Yes, if he has the time. But it seems hard to expect him to take his mind off what's going on right now and go away back to the fall of Troy."

Easy to Recognize.

Heleen, four years old, went to the movies and was much interested in the war pictures. When the statue of Liberty was projected on the screen, she exclaimed: "I can allus tell the Goddess of Liberty, 'cause she has a ice cream cone in her hand."

POULTRY

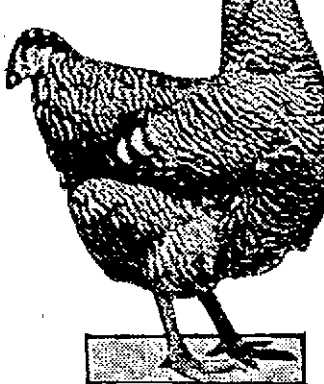
QUALITY IS OF IMPORTANCE

American Standard Breeds Are Good Producers of Meat and Eggs—Farm Hens Are Small.

(From the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Inasmuch as most farms have already some supply of poultry, the problem for the farmer is one of increase and not, like that of the city dweller who undertakes to keep hens to supply his own table with eggs, one of securing the foundation stock. While the American standard breeds are, for general purposes, the best, it is not urged that they be made to supplant other breeds where the other breeds are established and where they can be produced with a fair degree of success and of profit. The American standard breeds, broadly speaking, are the larger breeds of general-purpose fowl, good producers of both meat and eggs, as distinguished from the small breeds that are specialized egg producers. Farmers and farmers'-wives who have built up their own flocks, and know the peculiarities of their breed and how to make the most of them will do best by keeping the hens that they have, even though they be small and inferior as meat producers, instead of trying to replace them with heavier ones.

In growing chicks, the quality—the vigor, vitality and capacity for growth



Barred Plymouth Rock Female, Bred at United States Government Farm.

—that the chick has when it starts in life count for at least as much as good conditions and good care.

Also, in growing stock for layers, it is especially important at this time when a large increase in meat products is needed, to avoid breeding from undersized specimens. Whatever may be the facts as to the relative value of large and small hens as layers, as that question relates to standard breeds, the question is irrelevant in this farm poultry production campaign, for farm hens are nearly all small according to standards for improved breeds of fowls.

The ordinary farm flock contains a large proportion of hens quite unfit for breeding—having no quality which it is desirable to reproduce. The eggs from these should not be used for hatching, but, as far as possible, eggs used for hatching should be from the best hens in the flock. To determine how many of these are needed, an estimate must be made, basing it upon the usual hatchability of eggs, and the probable length of the hatching season.

The ordinary average of hatches extending over a period of several months is about 70 per cent. If all the chicks are hatched early the length of the hatching season is about six weeks, from the setting of the first to the setting of the last hen used. Allowing two weeks for saving eggs before the first hens are set, the eggs used for hatching must be laid within eight weeks. Allowing for rejections of small and defective eggs, provision should be made for about 500 eggs in eight weeks. This means a flock of 15 to 20 hens as breeders. Such a number of the best of the flock should be separated from the rest.

As a matter of convenience it will probably be more satisfactory in most cases to confine the culs and give the portion of the farm flock used for breeders the usual accommodations and range. The culs may be shut in small quarters without yard if necessary, while that is not advisable for breeding stock.

The next thing to consider is the male. In many cases it will be to the advantage of farmers undertaking to increase and improve their flocks to buy standard males of general-purpose breeds because of the additional size and weight such males will give the chicks, to say nothing of the probable increase in egg production. From one or two pounds extra weight can be put on the chicks from ordinary farm hens by using males of approximately standard weight of Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks and Orpingtons.

Free Range Is Ideal.

Free range is ideal, being conducive to rapid and economical growth, with feed material in the form of grubs, insects and green grass.

Good Feed for Start.

Little chicks and little turkeys usually do well if started on Johnnycake, baked hard, crumbled and fed dry.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard*

ESSENTIAL THAT FARMER SAVE EVERY BIT OF FARM MANURE DURING WINTER



PROPER WAY TO APPLY MANURE TO LAND.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Late fall—any time before the ground freezes—on most farms is the easiest time to provide for nanking the most out of the home supply of manure. And this year, when commercial fertilizers are high in price or impossible to obtain, it is doubly essential that we save every bit of the farm manure.

"Apply as fast as made" is the best rule before the ground freezes, and even later than that on level ground. But in hilly sections the farmers doubtless are right in thinking there is too much loss from the manure washing down the hillsides after the ground freezes, or on the snow. Then, too, in the North the snow is sometimes too deep for hauling to be practicable.

Pit for Storing.

Most literature on the subject of pit building for manure storage is based on using concrete for material. While this will usually pay if capital is available, many farmers feel they do not have the money to put into it. Fortunately there are other ways that will help greatly with little or no cash expense. If a roof is already available under which to store the manure, the ground should be leveled, or, better, made to slope toward the center. Then, if the soil is sandy or loamy, the surface should be removed to a depth of six inches or so and the heaviest clay procurable put in. After spreading a

HOARDING AND PROFITEERING

Dealer Should Not Hold or Contract for More Than Reasonable Requirements of Trade.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To sell farm equipment on the basis of what it would cost the dealer to replace it may be considered profiteering, according to a statement issued recently by the office of farm equipment control of the United States department of agriculture.

Persons who have sold equipment at replacement values when costs were high must continue to do so if prices go down, even though such sales bring less than the original cost price of the stock. Moreover, those whose selling price is fixed in relation to high replacement prices must restock immediately and carry the same quantity of equipment throughout the high-price period as they had at its beginning, in order not to profiteer. Those who desire to sell out without replacing their stock should not sell at a prevailing high price, but at cost plus a fair usual profit.

It will be considered hoarding if manufacturer or dealer holds, contracts for, or arranges for more equipment than the reasonable demands of his business require. Dealers finding themselves with excess stock on hand through inadvertence should sell their excess holdings at cost plus a fair usual profit.

The hoarding of farm equipment is defined by the act of congress of August 10, 1917. Manufacturers or dealers who hoard will be dealt with under the terms of this act of congress and not under the ruling as to replacement values just issued by the equipment control office.

BENEFITS OF MOTOR TRUCKS

Cross-Country Hauling Again Has Become Widely Used for Inter-City Transportation.

An even century ago transportation interests centered on Wheeling, W. Va. That year saw the Cumberland road—the wagon highway planned as a dominating factor in leading settlers to the great West—completed as far as the outlying town on the Ohio. Fifteen years later the road had been extended to Columbus; in another decade it crossed the Indiana state line.

Then came the steam railway. With the arrival of this new transportation colossus, interest in the Cumberland and other highways waned rapidly. Road building all but stopped, long distance hauling by highway stopped, too.

And now, after three-quarters of a century, cross-country hauling again has become a widely recognized form of inter-city transportation. The powerful, big load motor truck again has ushered in the highway as an important part of our national transportation system.

His Preference.

Alvine had always longed for a dog. One day the nurse announced that if he would pray for it, God might send him a brother or a sister very soon. That night the nurse overheard him saying his prayers. He ended with: "Dear God, I would like a brother or a sister, but if it's just the same to you, I'd lots rather have a dog."

couple of inches of clay it should be wetted and thoroughly tamped down. This process should be repeated until the desired height is obtained. The outside rim may well be a foot or more higher than the center, this depending on the size of the pit and the ease of access for hauling away the manure. While such a bottom will hold much of the liquid, it is better to cover it with some absorbent material—dry loam is good if bedding is scarce. Do not use wood ashes, but coal ashes are harmless if screened. Continue to use enough loam to prevent any liquid from oozing from the pile, which should be kept level, moist and well tamped. Horse manure, unless mixed with that from cows or hogs, should be wetted thoroughly—but not enough to drain out—in order to keep it from heating, as heating causes a heavy loss.

Keep Under Roof.

If there is no roof under which to keep the manure, a cheap one should be built. This may be a one-slope "lean-to" along the outside of the barn, a cheap shed with sides, or simply four heavy, high posts on which a roof slides up or down according to the height of the manure, such as is used in some sections for outdoor haystacks.

If you can't do all these things, do what you can. It will help you and the country not only during the war but after the war.

WOOD FOR FUEL

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Rural schools and churches, even more than homes, should restore the old wood pile and make themselves sure of warmth this winter. Every building used during only part of the day or on one or two days a week should burn wood.

BARBERRY AIDS WHEAT RUST

Proof of Close Relationship of Disease on Common Shrub and Cereals Seen in Indiana.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Further proof that there is a close relationship between the rust of barberries and of wheat and other cereals has resulted in active campaigns to eradicate the shrub in many communities. Two rather striking cases of this close relationship were observed recently in Indiana. In one locality a field of wheat, along one side of which grew a barberry hedge, was practically destroyed by the black stem rust. The case was so clear that 17 farmers held a field observation day under the guidance of the county agent and immediately drew up resolutions, in which they stated that the relation was so clear that they wished to go on record as favoring legislation to eradicate all barberry bushes from the state. In another case a hedge of barberry and two deep plantings were found on a farm upon which a wheat field was so badly affected that the crop was a partial failure. A second field near by was very seriously affected also, as well as a number of fields in the vicinity. Similar cases have been observed in a number of other states, and public sentiment favoring the eradication of the common barberry is growing rapidly. It is said that Japanese barberry does not harbor the wheat rust.

PLACE MACHINERY IN HOUSE

Protect Valuable Implements From Exposure in Winter—Paint All Iron or Steel Parts.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The cost of machinery and implements is constantly increasing. Prepare now to protect implements and machinery from exposure during the coming winter. As far as possible all implements should be placed under a dry shed. Woodwork should be painted and all exposed iron and steel parts should be either painted or covered with grease or oil to prevent rusting.

Better Dairymen Needed.

Not so much better cows as better dairymen is the need.

Washing Poor People's Feet.

The custom of washing the feet of the poor on Maundy Thursday at Whitehall was observed by English sovereigns until the end of the seventeenth century. After that the ceremony was performed on their behalf by the Archbishops of York until the middle of the eighteenth century.

HOW GERMANY PLANS TO LOOT VESSELS SUNK BY UNDERSEA BOATS.

—Altogether, the prospects are very bright for the recovery of many ships, or at least of a large part of their cargo, even though they may lie in water 300 feet deep. It behooves us to devise means of conducting such deep-water salvage, for if we do not do this work we may be sure it will be undertaken by the enemy.

The Germans have not been carrying on their submarine warfare without a thought for the future. Last May when the U-boats were making frightful inroads into allied shipping there was an item in a German newspaper calling attention to the rich treasure that was being piled up in the sea and stating that the German wrecking companies were planning to recover this treasure on a large scale after the war. It was not a matter of chance, then that most of the U-boat victims have been sunk at the very tantalizing depth of 800 feet. German salvage companies are making unusual preparations for deep-water diving operations.

Clearly, Germany is making great preparations for peace and intends to be so far ahead of other people in salvage methods that after the war most of the treasure in the sea will fall to her lot. She feels confident of winning on land and then she fondly believes that the sea will be hers as well. But we are not asleep. We are doing some inventing ourselves; and in a contest of ingenuity as well as in that of powder and steel, the Yankee when thoroughly aroused may be counted on to come out ahead.—A. Russell Bond, in Scientific American Supplement.

WAR HAS STIMULATED POETS

How the World Cataclysm Has Been Responsible for a Wonderful Production of Verse.

There has emerged one new and remarkable feature in our literature during the war—the wonderful production of verse—and the desire of the public for it, remarks Chambers' Journal. Pain is endured, passions are wrung, dormant senses are quickened and beauty in strange places is revealed. The essences of life are discovered. So the human spirit has craved for new forms of expression, emancipated from the old, dull molds, something to convey the people's moods, their ecstasies, griefs and sorrows, their heavenly hopes. So those who had, perhaps, scarcely glanced at the poetry of their tongue betook themselves to the poetic form to state their new emotions. Not for an age has so much poetry—and good poetry among it—been produced, and never so much of it bought and read.

How They Catch Fish in India.

A writer in Manchester Guardian contributes an interesting paragraph on one method of keeping the "pot" supplied with fish:

"Our soldiers in India have adopted a remarkable method of catching fish for the 'pot.' An ordinary marble-necked empty bottle, such as is universally used for lemonade and kindred summer drinks, is obtained, and a little quicklime is put into it. A small quantity of water is then added and the bottle shaken up. The gas which generates in consequence forces the marble up into the mouth of the bottle, which thus becomes effectively sealed. It is now thrown out into the river. The white color of the liquid within the bottle (which is furiously effervescing all the time) arouses the curiosity of the fish, which swim from all parts, so to speak, to investigate it. Before long the pressure of the gas generating in the bottle becomes so great that the bottle bursts and the flying fragments of glass cause great slaughter among the denizens of the river. Used in this way, a pint-size bottle will account for quite an imposing number of fish."

How Bell's Tone Is Changed.

Bells may have tones which, while thoroughly agreeable to the manufacturer, are not so pleasant to those who have to listen to them. A remedy for such a condition is described by James E. Noble in Popular Mechanics. By drilling two holes in the side of a bell the tone will remain perfectly clear but will be quite changed. If a slot is then cut between the two holes still another change of tone is effected. By driving a metal rod into one of the holes and trimming it off flush with the internal and external surfaces the tone may again be changed. Filling up the second hole with a plug will further alter the sound. Then if a wedge is cut and driven into the slot the tone of the bell will be restored to normal.

Ostentatious Words.

Why cannot scientific persons who undertake to be informing to the public learn to display their learning less ostentatiously and to convey their meaning more intelligibly? One health authority tells us profoundly that "anorexia" also is present with Spanish influenza. We take this, from the dictionary, to mean loss of appetite, which really would not be a bad thing these days; but unless it is assumed that nobody but medical men are to have the disease, it might be well to give the miscellaneous lay public a chance to know what may all it.

Very Likely.

"The political and military situation this month will be in one respect like the family one."

"How so?"

"There will be a carving up of Turkey about Thanksgiving."

WHY Soldiers in British Army Carry Sticks

It is one of the regulations of the British army that every soldier, when walking out, must carry in his hand a stick, in order to preserve a soldierly appearance and prevent anything like slouching in his gait. This rule, says Dundee Advertiser, applies to all ranks, and should anyone seek to evade it he would find his progress barred by the sentry at the barrack gate or entrance to camp.

Privates generally carry light canes or "swagger sticks," noncommissioned officers fairly stout sticks, and officers invariably go in for the more expensive kind.

From the earliest times drill sergeants and drum majors have carried sticks, and the fashion may have come from that fact.

Soldiers, as a rule, buy their own sticks, but in one or two regiments a recruit is presented with one when he gets his uniform. If this gets lost, however, he has to buy the next and subsequent ones.

DUE TO SUDDEN EXPANSION

Why Thunder Rumbles Is Explained by Scientists as Being a Very Simple Matter.

Why does thunder rumble? The path of a lightning flash through the air may be several miles in length. All along this path the sudden expansion of the heated air—a true explosion—sets up an atmospheric wave, which spreads in all directions, and eventually registers upon our ears as thunder. Since the lightning discharge is almost instantaneous, the sound wave is produced at very nearly the same time along the whole path. But the sound wave travels slowly through the air. Its speed is approximately 1,090 feet a second. Thus the sound from the part of the lightning's path that is nearest to us reaches us first, and that from other parts of the path afterward, according to their distance. Intermittent crashes and booming effects are due chiefly to irregularities in the shape of the path.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Why a Nod Means "Yes."

The idea of nodding to mean "Yes" comes from the opposite of the action which, as may be supposed, indicates a "No." When the young animal was anxious to accept the offered food it made an effort to get at the food quickly. Hence the pushing forward of the head and the open mouth and an expression of gladness. You will notice if you see anyone nod the head to indicate "Yes" that the lips are open rather than closed and that there is usually a smile or an indication of a smile to accompany it. In other words the nod to mean "Yes" is only another way of saying "I shall be pleased."—From "Book of Wonders" by permission of the Bureau of Industrial Education, Washington, D. C.

Why Hurrying Is Injurious.

Don't hurry at your meals. If you have only a few minutes in which to snatch a bite, forego the usual breakfast, which requires careful mastication.

Instead take a cup of warm milk or break a couple of raw eggs into a cup. These you may swallow quickly. They will digest easily.

The system can stand an immense amount of physical labor for an indefinite time, but it cannot long withstand the wear of hurry.

Have plenty of exercise. Be alert in your work. But don't wear out before your time hurrying.

Why Dandruff Is Dangerous.

Perhaps the most frequent extant of all causes, so far as skin cancer is concerned, is dandruff, says New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal. It falls from the scalp and alights on the ear, eyelids, nose, neck, lips and face, and if there is already a scaly spot or a thickening or a wart, a mole or a gland ready to receive the dandruff scale it sets this spot alive with activity and it goes on to form a skin cancer. Probably 60 per cent of skin cancers are due to this cause, and many a cancer has been prevented and may be prevented by curing the dandruff or by preventing it.

Why Some Men Are Cowards.

Several cases are reported in Le Progres Medical of soldiers who, after displaying excellent soldierly qualities and courage for a while, turned cowardly and fell into fits of abject fear, running away in the face of the enemy. Court-martial inflicted no punishment, and examination revealed the influence of present or past disease, nerve maladies, gassing, alcoholism, influenza, etc. In some cases the courage of the soldier was incurably impaired. In others rest and treatment cured them so that they distinguished themselves afterward.

Why No One-Man Submarine.

"Many hundreds of proposals," says a bulletin recently issued by the navy department, "have been received, advocating one-man submarines and submarines of small size, to be manufactured in great numbers for the purpose of attacking and destroying the larger type of enemy submarine. This subject has been given exhaustive consideration and it has been conclusively proved that no small submarine can be provided with the necessary power, speed, equipment and living quarters for the crew to enable it to operate successfully in the submarine zone."—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The man who doesn't worry when he ought to is as bad as the one who worries when he shouldn't. Worrying is bad for the health, but probably not as bad as letting things drift. In case of rain, run for an umbrella. Instead of saying "Don't Worry," the best advice to give a man in trouble is "Get Busy."—Thrifty Magazine.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R.I.

WATER
ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their premises or pipes or buildings should apply to the City Engineer, 302 Thames Street, Room 112.

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WHAT OUR DEFENDERS COST

At Home It Is \$327 and Overseas \$423 a Year for Each Man in the Service.

Statistics have been collected by the clothing and equipment, subsistence, conservation, reclamation and hardware and metals division of the quartermasters corps, United States army, to indicate just what it costs a year to maintain a soldier overseas and in the United States.

These, according to the Army and Navy Journal, show that the cost is \$327.47 a year to equip and maintain a soldier overseas and \$327.73 to equip and maintain one in the United States. Subsistence, figured at 69 cents a day, amounts to \$251.55 yearly for each man overseas; figured at 51 cents a day in the United States, it amounts to \$189.80. The cost of the initial equipment for the soldier the first year in the United States is \$115.30, while the cost of his additional equipment for the first year overseas is \$24.41.

Thus it appears that if the soldier goes overseas did not take with him a great deal of his equipment already supplied in the United States the contrast between the cost of equipping and maintaining a soldier in this country and abroad would be much more marked. Not only is the amount of equipment needed abroad greater than that needed in this country, but the statistics of the conservation and reclamation division show that equipment and clothing overseas are subject to much harder use, wear out more quickly and are less effectively reclaimed than similar material, clothing and equipment used in the United States. The amount of reclamation of each individual soldier's equipment in this country is \$75.80 a year, while the amount of reclamation of similar material abroad is but \$33.31.

Poet Immortalized Hemp.
Longfellow has immortalized the uses of hemp in his famous poem, "The Ropewalk," in which he makes us see the rope made into a swing for two lovely maidens, the tightrope for the tired, spangled girl of the cheap street vaudeville show, the cord that the old bell ringer pulls when he rings the noonday hour; through his eyes we see the schoolboy flying his kite, the farmer's wife drawing a bucket of cool water from the well on the old homestead, and many other beautiful pictures.

Possibly Hadn't Been Introduced.
Arthur owned a bulldog that he had been teaching to hunt rats, and when he called out the word to him he would run frantically to various places to scratch. A neighboring woman was so amused at the performance that she wanted to show the dog's tricks to her son, but to her repeated call of "rats" the dog only stood and looked at her. "Oh," said Arthur coming up at this point, "he doesn't know your rats."

What He Didn't Like About Helen.
Kenneth's little playmate, Helen, was to have a party. Only girls were to be invited, but Kenneth was unaware of this fact. He longed for an invitation and expected one up to the day of the party. But alas! the invitation didn't come. Downhearted, he said to his mother: "You know, mother, I like Helen awfully well, but I certainly don't like her ways."

Wild Canaries Not Yellow.
Canaries on their native islands are found in great flocks—striped greenish birds, by no means resembling in color our cage canaries. The yellow canary is a result of selective breeding, and the same may be said, of course, of other cage varieties, such as the hump-backed Belgian canary and the "fizzard" canary of curious feather-pattern.

District Residents Disfranchised.
Residents of the district of Columbia never had the right to vote there for national officials, which would include the president, or on other matters of national concern, after the territory embraced in the district was ceded to the United States and became the seat of the general government.

STEADIER HOG MARKETS PLANNED
Hog Producers and Packers Confer With Representatives of the Food Administration and Agricultural Department and Adopt New Plan of Regulation.

In accordance with the policy of the Food Administration since its foundation to consult representative men in the agricultural industry on occasions of importance to special branches of the industry, on October 24 there was convened in Washington a meeting of the Live Stock Subcommittee of the Agricultural Advisory Board and the special members representing the swine industry to consider the situation in the hog market.

The conference lasted for three days, and during this time met with the executive committee of the fifty packing firms participating in foreign orders for pork products and with the members of the Food Administration directing foreign pork purchases.

The conclusions of the conference were as follows:

The entire marketing situation has so changed since the September joint conference as to necessitate an entire alteration in the plans of price stabilization. The current peace talk has alarmed the holders of corn, and there has been a price decline of from 25 cents to 40 cents per bushel. The fact that the accumulations of low priced corn in the Argentine and South Africa would, upon the advent of peace and liberated shipping, become available to the European market has created a great deal of apprehension on the part of corn holders. This decline has spread fear among swine growers that a similar reduction in the prices of hogs would naturally follow. Moreover, the lower range of corn prices would, if incorporated in a 12-to-1 ratio, obviously result in a continuously falling price for live hogs. In view of these changed conditions many swine producers anticipated lower prices and as a result rushed their hogs to market in large numbers, and this oversupply has added to and aggravated the decline.

The information of the Department of Agriculture indicates that the supply of hogs has increased about 8 percent, while the highest unofficial estimate does not exceed 15 percent. Increased production over last year. On the other hand, the arrival of hogs during the last three weeks in the seven great markets has been 27 percent more than last year, during the corresponding period, demonstrating the unusually heavy marketing of the available supply. In the face of the excessive receipts some packers have not maintained the price agreed last month. On the other hand, many of the packers have paid over the price offered to them in an endeavor to maintain the agreed price. The result in any event has been a failure to maintain the October price basis determined upon at the September conference and undertaken by the packers. Another factor contributing to the break in prices during the month has been the influenza epidemic; it has sharply curtailed consumption of pork products and temporarily decreased the labor staff of the packers about 25 percent.

The exports of 130,000,000 pounds of pork products for October compared with about 62,000,000 pounds in October a year ago, and the export orders placeable by the Food Administration for November, amount to 170,000,000 pounds as contrasted with the lesser exports of 88,000,000 for November, 1917. The increased demands of the allies are continuing, and are in themselves proof of the necessity for the large production for which the Food Administration asked. The increase in export demands appears to be amply sufficient to take up the increase in hog production, but unfavorable market conditions existing in October afford no fair index of the aggregate supply and demand.

It must be evident that the enormous shortage in fats in the Central Empire and neutral countries would immediately upon peace result in additional demands for pork products which, on top of the heavy shipments to the Allies, would tend materially to increase the American exports, inasmuch as no considerable reservoir of supplies exists outside of the United States. It seems probable that the present prospective supplies would be inadequate to meet this world demand with the return to peace. So far as it is possible to interpret this fact, it appears that there should be even a stronger demand for pork products after the war, and therefore any alarm of hog producers as to the effect of peace is unwarranted by the outlook.

In the light of these circumstances it is the conclusion of the conference that attempts to hold the price of hogs to the price of corn may work out to the disadvantage of pork producers. It is the conclusion that any interpretation of the formula should be a broad gauged policy applied over a long period. It is the opinion of the conference that in substitution of the previous plans of stabilization the Live Stock Subcommittee of the Agricultural Advisory Board, together with the specially invited swine representatives, should accept the invitation of the Food Administration to join with the Administration and the packers in determining the prices at which controlled export orders are to be placed. This will be regularly done. The influence of these orders will be directed to the maintenance of the common object—namely, the stabilization of the price of live hogs so as to secure as far as it is possible fair returns to the

producer and the insurance of an adequate future supply.

These foreign orders are placed upon the basis of cost of hogs to the packers.

As the result of long negotiations between this body and the Packers' Committee, representing the 45 to 50 packers participating in foreign orders, together with the Allied buyers, all under the Chairmanship of the Food Administration, the following undertaking has been given by the packers:

In view of the undertakings on the part of the Food Administration with regard to the co-ordinated purchases of pork products, covered in the attached, it is agreed that the packers participating in these orders will undertake not to purchase hogs for less than the following agreed minimums for the month of November, that is a daily minimum of \$17.50 per hundred pounds on average of packers' droves, excluding throw-outs. "Throw-outs" to be defined as pigs under 130 pounds, strags, boars, thin sows and skips. Further, that no hogs of any kind shall be bought, except throw-outs, at less than \$10.00 per hundred pounds. The average of packers' droves to be construed as the average of the total sales in the market of all hogs for a given day. All the above to be based on Chicago.

We agree that a committee shall be appointed by the Food Administration to check the daily operations in the various markets with a view to supervision and demonstration of the carrying out of the above.

The ability of the packers to carry out this arrangement will depend on there being a normal marketing of hogs based upon the proportionate increase over the receipts of last year. The increase in production at years to be a maximum of about 15 percent, and we can handle such an increase.

Friday and Luck.
Belle—"Do you think Friday is unlucky?" Freddie—"No. I was born on Friday." Belle—"And what do your parents think?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Livestock Subcommittee of the Agricultural Advisory Board, together with special swine members and the representatives of the packers, to improve the present unsatisfactory situation, which has unfortunately resulted because of the injection of uncontrollable factors.

We ask the producer to co-operate with us in a most difficult task. The members of the Conference were:

Producers—H. O. Stuart, Elk Garden, Va., Chairman Agricultural Advisory Board; W. M. McFadden, Chicago, Ill.; A. Sykes, Ida Grove, Ia.; John M. Byrd, Ames, Ia.; J. H. Mercer, Live Stock Commission for Kansas; J. G. Brown, Monon, Ind.; E. C. Brown, President Chicago Livestock Exchange; N. H. Gentry, Sedalia, Mo.; John Gratton, Broadfield, Colo.; Eugene Funk, Bloomington, Ill.; Isaac Lincoln, Aberdeen, S. D.; C. W. Hunt, Logan, Ia.; C. E. Yancey, W. H. Dodson.

Food Administration—Herbert Hoover, F. S. Snyder, Major E. L. Roy, G. H. Powell.

Department of Agriculture—Louis D. Hall, F. R. Marshall.

The packers present and others sharing in foreign orders were represented by the elected packers' committee. Those represented were:

Packers—Armour & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Morris & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Swift & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Wilson & Co., Chicago, Ill.; John Agar Co., Chicago, Ill.; Armstrong Packing Co., Dallas, Tex.; Boyd Dunham & Co., Chicago, Ill.; Brennan Packing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati Abattoir Co., Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland Provisions Co., Cleveland, O.; Cudahy Bros. Co., Cudahy, Wis.; J. Dold Packing Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; Dunlevy Packing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; J. E. Decker & Sons, Mason City, Ia.; Evansville Packing Co., Evansville, Ind.; East Side Packing Co., East St. Louis, Ill.; Hammond Standish & Co., Detroit, Mich.; G. A. Hornel & Co., Austin, Minn.; Hanna Packing & Ice Co., Terre Haute, Ind.; Independent Packing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Indianapolis Abattoir Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; International Provision Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Interstate Packing Co., Winona, Minn.; Iowa Packing Co., Des Moines, Ia.; Powers Begg Co., Jacksonville, Ill.; Kingan & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.; Krey Packing Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Lake Erie Provision Co., Cleveland, O.; Layton Co., Milwaukee, Wis.; Oscar Mayer & Bro., Sedgewick and Beethoven streets, Chicago, Ill.; J. T. McMillan Co.; St. Paul, Minn.; Miller & Hart, Chicago, Ill.; J. Morrell & Co., Ottumwa, Ia.; Nuckolls Packing Co., Pueblo, Colo.; Ogden Packing and Provision Co., Ogden, Utah; Ohio Provision Co., Cleveland, O.; Parker Webb & Co., Detroit, Mich.; Pittsburg Packing and Provision Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rath Packing Co., Waterloo, Ia.; Roberts & Oake, Chicago, Ill.; Roche & Bros., New York City; W. C. Routh & Co., Logansport, Ind.; St. Louis Ind. Packing Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Sinclair & Co., T. M. Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Sullivan & Co., Detroit, Mich.; Theasner-Norton Provision Co., Cleveland, O.; Wilson Provision Co., Peoria, Ill.; Western Packing and Provision Co., Chicago, Ill.; Charles Wolff Packing Co., Topeka, Kan.

TRAGEDY ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Individual Combats and Disasters That Test the Nerves and Wits of the Flying Fighters.

Though airplane battles are tremendously exciting for all those participating in them, it is not always in actual conflict that the nerves and wits of flyers are tested to the utmost. Many adventures may be met in tamer pursuits.

Every now and then comes the roar of a gun from below, followed by flashes of blue and red, harsh, angry explosions right and left, front and rear; the disappearance in flames sometimes of what till then had been a welcome companion on the wing, the drone of some hardy adventurer strenuously endeavoring to climb into the night, and now and then the awful spectacle of a machine emerging safely from a smoke cloud only to go smash into another traveling in a different direction.

An awful smash, a hideous explosion, smoke, human cries, flames and then, with volcanic intensity, the sudden plunging into the abyss not only of what a few moments previously were two magnificently equipped bomb throwers, but four human souls, brave, proud, youthful and adventurous.—Washington Star.

Blondin's Feat Recalled.
In the whirlwind of momentous world events it is not strange that there should pass almost unnoticed a few days ago the fifty-eighth anniversary of Blondin's exploit of crossing Niagara gorge on a four-inch tight rope, a feat that still stands as the acme of daring and nerve. One of the thousands of spectators that lined the river bank was the prince of Wales, late King Edward. This was the first time anyone had crossed Niagara gorge on a rope. Blondin carried a man on his shoulders on one trip, wheeled a wheelbarrow over on a second trip, and on a third trip carried a store on his balancing rod and fixing it on the rope, cooked cakes and threw them to people in small boats below on the river. Blondin was afterward killed in Paris.

He made a test in 1850, and in the following year successfully carried out his feat, October 10, 1850.

The Thirsty Sailor.
Here's one they are telling about a British sailor and a civilian host:

The civilian brought out a bottle of bourbon and took a drink, neglecting to offer one to the sailor.

He did this about three times and then thought that the sailor might like to wet his whistle.

"Are you thirsty?" he asked the sailor.

"Yes, muchly so," answered the tar. Whereupon the civilian went out and got him a glass of water.

That Ends Well
By SIDNEY HODGES COLE
(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

There was a golden glow on the river. Behind the hills to the west the sun had gone down, touching the cloud edges with crimson and ochre.

Peter Bryant threw down a lever and the Polyphemus II answered by tearing like a streak through the water. They swung around the bend and Peter half rose to his feet to peer anxiously ahead.

Yes, there she was—the girl he was looking for. Every afternoon for the past two weeks he had seen her there in the shelter at the very end of the little pier running out into the river. She was a wonderfully pretty girl. Peter had lost his impressionable heart to her that very first day he had seen her there. But he could find no mutual acquaintance to introduce him and he was due to go back to the city day after tomorrow.

He liked her copper-colored hair, and the smooth roundness of her cheeks and the pretty sparkle of her eyes.

He was going to meet that girl somehow; he was going to meet her before he went back, and he was going to hear her voice. He knew intuitively it would be a nice voice.

She was sitting in a hammock, swaying gently to and fro in the little shelter as she kept her eyes on the page before her. Peter let out the boat even more; the exhaust roared its strident chug-chug, chug-chug, but the girl did not look up. She was quite unaware of Peter's presence. Motorboats were as common on the river as were water spiders. The roar of an exhaust meant nothing in particular.



Tearing Through the Water.

ticular. It was no reason why one should lift one's eyes from a fascinating page.

Perhaps Peter Bryant may be forgiven for entertaining very desperate thoughts those few brief minutes. Perhaps he did not stop to count the chance of what he was doing. At any rate, with a sudden quick shift of the wheel he sent the Polyphemus II straight at that pier. Also, he slammed down a lever. As he stooped the boat's nose was headed straight for the little shelter on the end of the pier in which the girl lolled in the hammock.

Now, Peter knew well enough that the boat was going at a good clip. What he did not estimate correctly was the distance to the pier. As he looked up after pushing down that lever he was genuinely horrified to find the pier not a boat's length away. Nor had the speed lessened to any appreciable extent. Plainly there was going to be a crash, and a good one. Peter gave a warning yell. At the same time he strove to put the wheel down. The girl looked up and jumped to her feet. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

It is probable she would have said more, but there was no time for it. The motorboat hit the flimsy pier with a terrific impact. There was a mighty snapping, a rending of timbers. The pier shook, the shelter swayed precariously.

Peter, thrown violently against the engine by the crash, saw the whole thing tremble and quiver and then upset before his horrified eyes. There was a splash, a gurgle, a little choked cry, a flash of white. The girl was in the river.

The motorboat being hopelessly tangled in the wreckage, Peter tore off his coat, kicked off his shoes and went overboard. A few swift strokes and he had the girl's arm in his grip. He did not notice that she was swimming—coolly, strongly.

He was spluttering and blowing water from his mouth in his excitement. "Put your hands on my shoulders," he instructed.

The girl eyed him grimly. He thought once she was laughing at him. "No need," she said very calmly. "I can swim well. It's only a few strokes to shore."

Silting her action to the words, she proceeded toward the bank. Peter watched along in her wake, blowing like a grampus and trying to think of something to say. He did manage to assist her onto the bank. Then he scrambled onto himself. "Oh, I say," he began, contritely, and then could think of nothing else to say.

The girl looked at him steadily. She seemed quite at her ease. There was still that hint of merriment in her eyes, although her mouth was firm, the

lips even a little compressed. "Well, you've done it, haven't you?" said she, waving an arm toward the wrecked pier.

"Thunder!" said Peter contritely as he looked thither. "I should say I had. But I don't care about that. It's spilling you into the river I'm thinking of."

"Oh, that's of no very great consequence," said she. "But that pier certainly is a mess."

"I shall have it fixed, of course," said Peter, all but tongue-tied now he realized he was actually talking to her. "How did you happen to run into it?" said she.

"Rudder wire parted on me," Peter explained glibly.

She looked at him keenly. Then without a word she led the way back to the wreck.

Peter's heart sank as he saw her walk out precariously on what was left of the pier and drop into the motorboat. She bent down, examining something closely. Then she straightened up and motioned to Peter. He ran out on the twisted shoreward end of the pier and dropped into the boat beside her. Her face was accusing.

"How did you say it happened?" she asked again.

"Rudder-wire—" Peter began.

"Both of them are quite whole," said she.

Peter coughed. He seemed in great distress.

"Honestly, now, why did you do it?" There was a pointed emphasis on that "why."

"Say, I've made a sweet mess of things," he confessed. "For two weeks I've seen you sitting there every afternoon in that shelter, and I've wanted to meet you—formally, proper introduction and all that sort of thing; but I couldn't find any one who knew you—that is no one that I knew, too."

"Yes!" she said coldly.

"This afternoon—well, this afternoon I was fairly desperate—just to meet you—to talk to you—to—well, it occurred to me to have a little accident and run into your wharf there. I meant to do it easily, gently, just enough of a bump to let me apologize. I thought maybe it would lead to knowing you."

She eyed him silently.

Peter felt cold chills chasing one another up and down his spine.

"I didn't intend to hit it as hard as I did, and I wouldn't have spilled you off for worlds. Say, I feel about the meanest creature on this planet. I'll go now. Just let me have the name of your father or brother or some man in the family so I can send along a check to cover the damages I've done."

He jumped up and went to the river bank.

"Your boat," she suggested.

"I'll send some one for it."

He was moving away when her voice stopped him.

"Just a minute," she called. He turned.

"I should let you go," said she, "but you're all wet. One of my brothers is about your size. I think he'll let you have some dry clothes. And then—then you'd better stay to dinner. You could talk the damage over with father so much better at dinner."

The glow on the river at that minute was caused by something else than sunset. And Peter Bryant, following the girl up the path to the house, walked on clouds far rosier than were those in the west.

DESIGNED TO ATTRACT MATE

Seemingly Explanation of the Gorgeously Colored Wings Which Make the Butterfly Conspicuous.

The vivid and beautiful markings of the butterfly's wings are often a puzzle to those who would find in the coloring of animals a means to low visibility. The butterfly, thanks to his gorgeous splendor, is a most conspicuous object, especially from above, whence chiefly danger would come in the way of insect-eating birds.

The butterfly's illuminated wings seem to be designed for the attraction of mates. When flying, the butterfly takes a peculiarly zigzag path. A butterfly in flight is a difficult object to strike, notwithstanding its slow rate of progress.

When the butterfly is at rest it folds its wings over its back, so that only the drab, protectively colored lower surface is visible. In this posture the insect is of very low prominence from any angle.

The moth, unlike the butterfly, flies at night. Obviously, bright coloring would be to no purpose in attracting mates. The moth is garbed in dull tints, which render it inconspicuous during the day, its period of rest. There is no need of hiding the upper surface of its wings; so a convenient means to distinguish moths from butterflies is the fact that the latter, when at rest, fold their wings above their back, as stated, while the former spread their wings out flat.

The first lightship, the Nore, was established in England in 1732, at the mouth of the Thames. The first in this country was stationed in 1820 in Chesapeake bay, off Willoughby Spit. Sandy Hook, now Ambrose, light vessel was established in 1823. A light vessel was placed off Cape Hatteras in 1824 and was driven ashore in 1827, and a ship was not established again in this dangerous position until 1897, after unsuccessful attempts had been made to build a lighthouse on Diamond Shoal.

All Sailors Superstitious.

All sailors are superstitious, but none is so completely under this influence as the old deep-sea fisherman. He puts the deepest faith in "signs" and omens of all kinds. Nothing would induce a skipper of the old school to sail on a Friday. One intrepid unbeliever who dared to leave the docks at Grimsby, England, on a Good Friday was hoisted through the lock gates by the scandalized populace. In spite of thus challenging the fates, however, he returned safely with ship and crew.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank envelopes accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1918

NOTES.

(Continued)

MICHELE FELICE CORNE

When not employed more profitably, Corné filled up his leisure moments in drawing ships and marine views, which he painted with a good deal of effect. He was very successful with his ships, which he depicted in every possible shape with an accuracy that made them popular in a maritime community—in his taste, strengthened during his voyage across the Atlantic, having been kept alive by his residence on the sea-coast.

But the quiet that had reigned in the country for a brief period was disturbed by the breaking out of the war with Great Britain, and a hasty preparation for action. Ships were quickly fitted out and sent to sea; then came the naval combats of 1812-13, electrifying all classes of citizens; the country was wild with excitement, and in no place was there greater enthusiasm than in Boston. This was the turning point in Corné's career—the opening that was to give him remunerative employment, and pave the way for a competence for his declining days. Quickly he seized a broad canvas, as large as he could conveniently get into an exhibition room,—he dashed off a picture of the combat between the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere" with a striking effect, free from all unnecessary details, but accurate enough to bear the criticism of nautical men who looked to see it. The success of the exhibition led him to paint "The Boarding of the Frolic," and the "Surrender of the Java to the Constitution"—scenes vividly portrayed and hailed with acclamation. Other pictures followed: The "Harrist Sinking the Peacock"; the "United States and Macedonian"; two pictures of the "Battle of Lake Erie"; with others, all drawn with the same vigor, and meeting the approval of those critics for whom they were designed. The pictures of Perry's Victory were surprisingly correct in point of the relative size and position of the vessels engaged in the battle, showing, that before painting, the artist must have conversed with persons who witnessed the scene.

Corné's hands were now full, and he was reaping golden returns. Others were making something by catering to the public taste, but in a different way. Every allusion on the stage to the triumph of our arms, every song that turned on a naval fight, was received with unbounded applause. The confectioners, not to be behind in their enthusiasm, got up candy representations of the several combats as ornaments for the dinner table, and these were duplicated until a "Constitution and Guerriere" became a standard centerpiece at both public and private entertainments.

The publishers, too, were alive to the situation, and availed themselves of the opportunity to turn a penny. Abel C. Bowen, an engraver residing in Boston, was cognizant of the success that had attended Corné's exhibition, and soon entered into an arrangement with him by which they were both to be benefited. Bowen was to compile a book, giving a full account of the naval combats that had made such an impression on the public mind, and Corné was to furnish the designs to illustrate it.

Bowen, as I have said, was an engraver on wood, and it has been reported that he introduced the art of wood engraving in Boston. This is untrue. Nathaniel Dearborn practised it there in 1811, whereas Bowen did not begin the business in that city till 1812. Bowen, however, became very expert. Some of his engravings have much of the spirit and character of the art of the present day, while his contemporary in New York, Dr. Alexander Anderson, was merely imitating the style of Berkich, which style he retained through life. Bowen was the teacher of Alonzo Hartwell, who practised the art in Boston very skillfully. Bowen and Hartwell were the only wood engravers in Boston for many years.

In 1816 Bowen's book, now very rare, and to be found only in the hands of collectors, was published in Boston. It purported to contain the most correct and authentic account of the naval engagements of the few preceding years, drawn from various sources, but chiefly from the "Baltimore Weekly Register," in which shored a large space was devoted to naval matters. The frontispiece is wholly allegorical, and woven in with cannon, shot and mortars, there is a scroll containing the memorable words of Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The illustrations, with the exception of the return of the squadron from the Mediterranean under Bainbridge, the capture of the "Macedonian" and the fight between the "Peacock" and the "Epervier" were by Corné. The plates were as follows: "The Escape of the Constitution from a British Squadron"; "The Constitution Bearing Down to Engage the Guerriere"; "The Constitution in Close Action with the Guerriere"; "The Wasp Boarding the Frolic"; "The Macedonian and the United States"; "The Java Surrendering to the Constitution"; "The Hornet Blockading the Bonnet Cityenne"; "The Chesapeake and Shannon"; "The Hornet Sinking the Peacock"; "The Enterprise and the Boxer"; two views of the "Battle of Lake Erie" and a "Key"; "Capture of the Essex"; "The Peacock and Epervier"; "The Wasp and Reindeer"; "The Wasp and Avon"; "Commodore's McDonough's Victory"; "The President Engaging the Endymion"; "The Constitution Taking the Cyane and Levant"; "The Hornet and Penguin"; "The Hornet Escaping from a British Seventy-Four"; and "The United States Squadron on the Home Voyage after Completing Peace at

Algiers." The designs for the prints of the "Capture of the Macedonian" and the "Combat Between the Peacock and the Epervier" were from the pencil of Thomas Birch, a marine painter of some celebrity. He was born in England in 1784, came to this country when seven years old, and early developed a talent for marine painting. Many of the naval battles of the War of 1812 were painted by him in a manner which gave great satisfaction to his patrons; and before his engagement with Bowen he had painted a "Constitution and Guerriere" for James Webster, a Philadelphia publisher, who brought out a popular print of it.

Corné's pictures were exhibited as long as they would hold together. They were all painted in distemper and with but indifferent materials. By the time they had worn out the public interest in them had abated; and finding that a further attempt in the same line would not be likely to succeed, he had the good sense to give over and withdraw from the field. His success had been greater than the most sanguine mind could have anticipated. Having settled his affairs in Boston he left that city for a more quiet and retired residence and found his way to Newport, arriving here in 1822. Liking the place, he soon purchased a piece of ground bounded by three streets, one of which bears his name. There was a stable on the premises and this he fashioned, at a moderate outlay, into a dwelling-house. The front room was set apart for a shop, in which Boto more displayed his confectionery and sold it to small traders; but the calls were light, and the demands of the shop were not exacting.

Here Corné lived at his ease during the remainder of his days. Fond of company, a great talker, and a good story-teller, he was always well received. One of his best stories was at his own expense—a recital in broken English of his experience in the Neapolitan army when his regiment was brought face to face with Napoleon's troops. All the movements of the opposing forces were acted out, greatly to the amusement of his hearers. "We were all well dressed," he used to say, "and marched up fine, in bright uniforms, to the music of the band. As we came up we fired away, shooting down the ragged Frenchmen, but when one fell another stepped into his place, and still we kept firing. By and by the French fire like one big gun; at that we ran. By gar! I run three miles." This final ejaculation was given with an earnestness that called forth shouts of laughter from all who heard it. At last it was difficult to get the old man to tell the story, for he suspected that his hearers were laughing more at his want of pluck than at his amusing narrative.

In 1830 Corné was induced to buy an annuity; to this end, in July of that year, he deposited with the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company the sum of \$1,570, the Company agreeing to pay him \$100 every six months during the remainder of his natural life. He was then in his seventy-third year. The first payment was made on the 8th of January, 1831, and the last in 1845, the year of his death, he having received in all \$3,000. This the old man enjoyed excessively, for he was keenly alive to the disappointment and surprise of the Company, as year by year they were called upon to make a further payment; and when he received his check he used to say with his wheezy voice and a laugh that almost choked him: "De Prezident, he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time; he no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfather die when he one hundred, my father when he one hundred and two, and I—I live forever!"

QUERIES.

10294. VAUGHAN—When and where was William Vaughan born? He died 1677. Married Frances Clarke, widow of Jeremiah Clarke, who was the daughter of Lewis Latham.—W. V.

10295. FISH—John Fish and Joanna — had a daughter, Abigail Fish, who married John Case. I would like to know the date of Abigail's birth and death. Abigail and John had five children—Mary, Martha, Jeremiah, John and Sarah.—L.

10296. GRINNELL—When did Matthew Grinnell marry? He died about 1705. They had four children. I would like to know the name of the fourth child. She married John Carpenter, and they had six children—Mary, Sarah, Dinah, Dinah, Cornelius, Joseph.—J. P. K.

10297. TUCKER—In the Rhode Island Friends Records I find the marriage of Henry Tucker and Martha —, Feb. —, 1651. Can anyone fill in the blanks? Would also like to know names of any children by this marriage.—T. T. P.

10298. LEE—What are the dates of William Lee? He was the son of Samuel and Sarah Lee and he married May 18, 1762, Mary Easton, of James and Alice. Was there any issue?—S. P.

New Dyak Fashions.

Dyak is a word which conveys to most folk the idea of a people whose tribal pastime consists in cutting off the heads of their neighbors and preserving the dried skulls as ornaments for their homes. When the first missionaries went to Borneo, where the Dyaks live, they were fortunate if they kept their heads on their shoulders. Today the Dyaks have ceased head hunting, have given themselves to farming and have taken on clothes and other evidences of civilization. Instead of news coming once a month, as it did when missionaries first went to Borneo, it is now received by wireless.

Suicides Among Japanese Students. According to Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who lived long in the far East, suicides among Japanese students are probably more prevalent than among any other students in the world. The causes he mentions are, first, the high-strung nerves and exceptional sensitiveness to anything that may be regarded as a personal humiliation; and second, the extraordinary competition among students to secure places in the government schools.

Will You Say "Merry Christmas" to Rhode Island's Victorious Heroes?

A Rhode Island girl who has "someone special" over there to think about gives you and me this chance. THIS IS HER IDEA as she gave it to us, with shining eyes, one day at the United War Work Headquarters.

Each man overseas can receive, this year, only one three pound package. But we can get the biggest Christmas Gift in the world's history over to them ALL.

We can make the United War Work Fund a splendid Christmas Offering to the men who have earned more than we can give.

We can make it so by OVERSUBSCRIBING THE QUOTA, as this big-hearted little State ALWAYS oversubscribes.

And we can tell the boys about it in a special Rhode Island way—for as far as we can learn, NO OTHER STATE IN THE UNION is doing what our own LITTLE RHODY is doing.

Here is the best part of the idea that sweet-faced girl with a special place in her heart for one soldier and heart-room for them all has given us.

RHODE ISLAND WAR WORK CAMPAIGN CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR THE BOYS WHO HAVE WON FOR US. The cards are beautifully printed in bright, Christmassy colors. (This year Christmas colors are Red, White and Blue.) You give a quarter, in addition to what you have already so generously done, for each card you send. That helps a lot to make this fund for the boys a REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT. The cards tell the boys that you have done your UTMOST for them through the United War Work Campaign. YOU CAN'T GET THE CARDS UNLESS YOU ARE WEARING A SUBSCRIBER'S BUTTON. Don't get cards or any sort of subscription through any person who does not wear an AUTHORIZED SOLICITOR'S BUTTON.

Make up a regular Christmas list of all the boys you know who are in the service. Send a card to every one. If your heart and your purse are both bigger than your list, buy all the extra cards you can, leave them at headquarters for your district with three cent postage. They will be sent to Rhode Island boys in France and Italy.

Cards on safe Saturday morning to Monday night, November 16 to 18, inclusive. CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ASSOCIATIONS, BUSINESS HOUSES that have stars in their service flags will send these cards to their boys. EVERYONE will buy cards at War Work Booths, hotels, stores, theatres and from authorized solicitors everywhere.

We have only 150,000 cards. There are 600,000 grateful hearts in Rhode Island. Buy your cards quick.

Every Rhode Island Boy in the Service Should Receive at Least a Dozen of these Cards

Get Them Quick and Mail Them Quick

—so they'll reach the boys by Christmas Day.

MAIL THEM IN ENVELOPES, (not as postcards) so they'll reach the boys clean and fresh and "Christmassy."

(You can get the right size envelopes, already stamped, at any post office.)

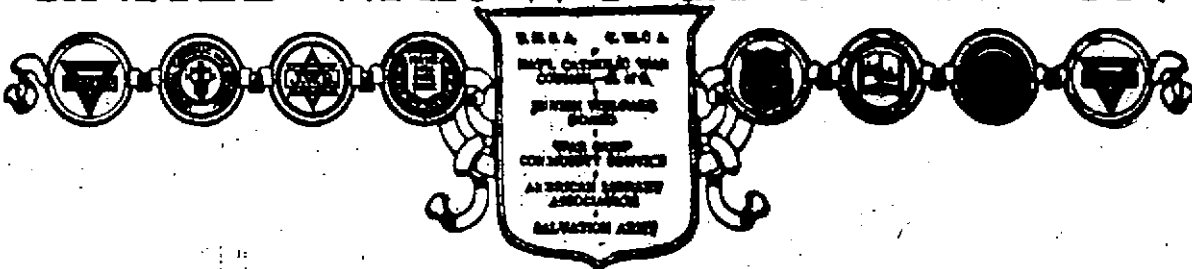
Beyond All Question of Money

—it's a way in which YOU can be with the victorious boys on Christmas Day.

—it's a way in which YOU can take the lonesomeness out of a "three thousand miles from home" Christmas Day.

—it's a way in which YOU can tell every Fighting Yank from Rhody that you haven't forgotten him, even for a moment, in the excitement and joy of what he has done for us

UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN



To NEW YORK FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wharf daily at 9.30 P. M.

Ticket Office on the Wharf

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP LINES

Probate Clerk's Office, Middletown, R. I., October 25, 1918.

Estate of Miriam J. Deshields

WILLIAM LIPPINCOTT, the Administrator on the estate of MARY J. DESHIELDS, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, has this day filed in this office his second and final account with said estate, showing distribution thereof, as ordered by the Probate Court of said Middletown, for examination and allowance by said Court, and has applied to me to give due notice of the filing and pendency of his said account according to law.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested therein that said account will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown on Monday, the eighteenth day of November next, A. D. 1918, at one o'clock P. M.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 8th, 1918.

Estate of William B. Denniston A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by William B. Denniston of said Newport, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of John B. Denniston and of Julia B. Denniston, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of John B. Denniston of said Newport, as guardian of his estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-fifth day of November, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., in the office of the clerk of said Court, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 8th, 1918.

Estate of Catherine D. Scott PETITION in writing is made by John B. Denniston of said Newport, requesting that he or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of the estate of Catherine D. Scott, a minor under the age of fourteen years, daughter of Herbert W. Scott and of Catherine D. Scott, late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-fifth day of November, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., in the office of the clerk of said Court, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 16th, 1918.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANASTASIA McMAHON, otherwise known as ANNIE McMAHON, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ELIZABETH V. DONOHUE.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Wheeler have returned from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. George Rehffuss of Philadelphia.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

MORGAN'S

SAPOLIO

SCOURING SOAP

Economy in Every Cake

"Meet me at Barney's."

NOW for Christmas

Do not be one of those who will be disappointed

BUY TODAY and be sure of it.

We will deliver at Christmas

BUY NOW

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

FOR SALE

1000 CORDS OF SEASONED WOOD

On my dock at Wickford, R. I. Can be delivered by boat or rail. For further particulars apply to

HENRY N. GIRARD

Lafayette, R. I.

In the Library. "Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—Boston Transcript.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 8th, 1918.

Estate of Louis Corbeau

REQUEST in writing is made by Joseph Corbeau of Portland, Maine, husband of Louis Corbeau, late of said Portland, deceased, intestate, that John A. Murphy, Jr., of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator in Rhode Island of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-fifth day of November, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., in the office of the clerk of said Court, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, November 2nd, 1918.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANASTASIA McMAHON, otherwise known as ANNIE McMAHON, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARY M. CORSON

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, November 2nd, 1918.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of MARY W. SPENCER, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

GEORGE F. SPENCER

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TO PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Toasters, Grills, Irons

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HOLIDAY SEASON

Our stock is complete but limited in quantity. The supply is also limited and delivery uncertain. Now is the time to save Coal, Time and Money.

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Two-ton Electric Truck at very low price Address: BOX 25 MERCURY OFFICE.



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School Shoes

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We pay especial attention to the careful fitting of growing feet

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